THE POETICAL WORK[S]

OF

[A]LEXANDER POP[E]

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

But ſee, at length, the Britiſh Genius ſmile,
And ſhow'r her bounties o'er her favour'd iſle:
Behold, for POPE ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one-----
Each Muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove,
With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue. BROWN.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1780.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

ESSAY ON MAN,
ESSAY ON CRITICISM,
MORAL ESSAYS,
WIFE OF BATH,
STATIUS' THEBAIS,
BOOK FIRST,

&c. &c. &c.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh, maſter of the poet and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To man's low paſſions or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe-----
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
Shall then this Verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light,
Shew'd erring pride whatever is is right-----
That virtue only makes our bliſs below,
And all our knowledge is ourſelves to know. ESS. ON MAN.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1780.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE,

Occafioned by the

DEATH OF MR. POPE.

Infcribed to

MR. WARBURTON.

BY J. BROWN, A. M.

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AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow ſped,
And Pope lies number'd with the mighty dead!
Reſign'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart
That quench'd its rage in Your's and Britain's heart.
You mourn; but Britain, lull'd in reſt profound,
(Unconſcious Britain!) ſlumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulneſs ey'd the ſetting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night:
Rous'd at the ſignal Guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign:
With inextinguiſhable rage they burn,
And ſnake-hung Envy hiſſes o'er his urn:
Th' envenom'd monſters ſpit their deadly foam
To blaſt the laurel that ſurrounds his tomb.
  But you, O Warburton! whoſe eye refin'd
Can ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;
Can ſee each virtue and each grace unite,
And taſte the raptures of a pure delight;
You viſit oft' his awful page with care,
And view that bright aſſemblage treaſur'd there;
You trace the chain that links his deep deſign,
And pour new luſtre on the glowing line.

Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muſe
Whoſe eye, not wing, his ardent flight purſues:
Intent from this great archetype to draw
Satire's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence his and Satire's gen'rous end.
In ev'ry breaſt there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of ſhame:
The paſſion one, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The liſping infant and the hoary ſire,
And youth and manhood, feel the heart-born fire:
The charms of praiſe the coy, the modeſt, woo,
And only fly that glory may purſue:
She, pow'r reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great,
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud city and the lowly ſhade,
And ſways alike the ſceptre and the ſpade.
Thus Heav'n in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man! in folly only wiſe,
Rejects the manna ſent him from the Skies:
With rapture hears corrupted Paſſion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
As each deceitful ſhadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd ſubſtance quits the true;
Eager to catch the viſionary prize,
In queſt of glory plunges deep in vice;

Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry praiſe he pants to gain.
 Thus ſtill imperious Nature plies her part,
And ſtill her dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each pow'r that ſov'reign Nature bids enjoy
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er deſtroy:
Like mighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
The paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe virtues which they fed before.
 And ſure the deadlieſt foe to virtue's flame,
Our worſt of evils, is perverted ſhame:
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled ſlaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable fear oppreſt,
We ſeek our virtues in each other's breaſt;
Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakneſs, int'reſt, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
Tir'd in the treach'rous chaſe, would nobly yield,
And, but for ſhame, like Sylla, quit the field:
The dæmon Shame paints ſtrong the ridicule,
Aud whiſpers cloſe, "The world will call you Fool."
 Behold yon' wretch, by impious faſhion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he ſcoffs at Heav'n.
By weakneſs ſtrong, and bold thro' fear alone,
He dreads the ſneer by ſhallow coxcombs thrown;

Dauntleſs purſues the path Spinoza trod,
To man a coward, and a brave to God.
Faith, Juſtice, Heav'n itſelf, now quit their hold,
When to falſe fame the captive'd heart is ſold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentleſs Cato dy'd;
Nought could ſubdue his virtue but his pride:
Hence chaſte Lucretia's innocence betray'd
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes
When paſſions, born her friends, revolt her foes.
Hence Satire's pow'r: 'tis her corrective part
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe;
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.
Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Tho' oft' ſhe mourns thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.
The worthy court her, and the worthleſs fear;
Who ſhun her piercing eye that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding Fops reſign the clouded cane:

Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd bee, with art most subtly true
From pois'nous vice she draws a healing dew.
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind;
Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles,
And Force strong-sinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The stream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too strong.
Ev'n fair Religion, native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, seeks refuge with the wise;
The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts and Justice frowns in vain.
But Satire's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast;
She plays a ruling passion on the rest;
Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the brave that earth and heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground,
Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
Bold Satire shakes the tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the sordid train,
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain.
But with the friends of Vice, the foes of Satire,
All truth is spleen, all just reproof ill-nature.
Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill:

Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof or lengthen'd ear;
Bids vice and folly take their nat'ral ſhapes,
Turns ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, beaus to apes;
Drags the vile whiſp'rer from his dark abode,
Till all the dæmon ſtarts up from the toad.
O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true Good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of virtue wakes her ſcorn of vice.
Where juſtice calls 't is cruelty to ſave,
And 't is the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats virtue's foe is virtue's friend;
Then judge of Satire's merit by her end:
To guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd;
The object of her love is all mankind.
Scarce more the friend of man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand than Satire's frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as that to bleſs, was giv'n,
Alike the faithful miniſters of Heav'n.
Oft' in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent;
Tho' ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are paid who merit Satire moſt;
Folly the Laureat's, vice was Chartres' boaſt:
Then where's the wrong to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft' Satire acts the faithful ſurgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind, tho' painful, is her art:

With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal,
Tho' Folly raves to break the friendly ſteel:
Then ſure no fault impartial Satire knows,
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whoſe is the crime the ſcandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

Dare nobly then: but, conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold, be ever juſt;
Nor court applauſe in theſe degen'rate days:
The villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.
  But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew mankind that truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write,
As foplings grin to ſhow their teeth are white.
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart.
O loſt to Honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame!
Fell raviſher, from innocence to tear
That name than liberty, than life, more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return?
Or what repay thy guilt but endleſs ſcorn?
And know, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil;
Immortal Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil:

With rage retorted wing the deadly dart,
And empty all its poiſon in thy heart.
  With caution next the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:
Let Satire then her proper object know,
And ere ſhe ſtrike be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind Ridicule conceives a jeſt;
Before whoſe altar Virtue oft' hath bled,
And oft' a deſtin'd victim ſhall be led:
Lo! Shaftſb'ry rears her high on Reaſon's throne,
And loads the ſlave with honours not her own:
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Profaneneſs ſpawns, pert dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
And own the idiot guide for once is true;
Deride our weak forefathers' muſty rule,
Who therefore ſmil'd becauſe they ſaw a fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We therefore ſee a fool becauſe we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo! gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimpled cheek;
Contemns each ſurly academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce freethinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-cónqu'ring hand
Shall work Herculean wonders thro' the land:

Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain
You, mighty Warburton! ſhall rage in vain;
In vain the trackleſs maze of truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man.
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her pow'r divine,
Her baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win,
And coxcombs vanquiſh Berkley by a grin.
 But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That truth is e'er explor'd by ridicule:
On truth, on falſehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye.
Beware the mad advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's deſtruction or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reaſon at the helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge when Reaſon can explore,
This point the way, that waft us glad to ſhore.
 Tho' diſtant times may riſe in Satire's page,
Yet chief 't is her's to draw the preſent age:
With Wiſdom's luſtre Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning manners by the paſt;
Bid Britain's heroes (awful ſhades!) ariſe,
And ancient honour beam on modern vice;

Point back, to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the ſons bluſh at what their fathers were;
Ere yet 't was beggary the great to truſt,
Ere yet 't was quite a folly to be juſt;
When low-born ſharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falſify'd the card, or cogg'd the die;
Ere Lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chaſtity was carted for the whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dreſt,
Or public ſpirit was the public jeſt.
Be ever in a juſt expreſſion bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair Satire to a ſcold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debaſe,
But let her ſmile and let her frown with grace;
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her ſpleen,
Nor while ſhe preaches modeſty obſcene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
Nor call his Lordſhip ——, her Grace a ——.
The Muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail
When wrapp'd in Irony's tranſparent veil:
Her beauties half-conceal'd the more ſurpriſe,
And keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd;
Style Clodius Honourable, Buſa Chaſte.
Dart not on folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er diſcharg'd artillery on a fly?
Deride not vice; abſurd the thought and vain
To bind the tiger in ſo weak a chain.

Nay more; when flagrant crimes your laughter move
The knave exults: to ſmile is to approve.
The Muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown
When Folly feels her ſmile, and Vice her frown.
  Know next what meaſures to each theme belong,
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the ſkies.
Thus when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe:
In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious peer
That mounts the box, and ſhines a charioteer:
In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight toil
Of camps and ſenates diſciplin'd by Hoyle;
Patriots and chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades
And carries off the captive king—of Spades!
Let Satire here in milder vigour ſhine,
And gaily graceful ſport along the line;
Bid courtly Faſhion quit her thin pretence,
And ſmile each affectation into ſenſe.
  Not ſo when Virtue, by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the Muſes' aid;
When crimes, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay,
Riſe frontleſs, and inſult the eye of Day;
Indignant Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires:
When rank Adult'ry on the genial bed,
Hot from Cocytus, rears her baleful head;

When private faith and public truſt are ſold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold;
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like Fate,
Saps the foundation of a ſinking ſtate;
When giant Vice and Irreligion riſe
On mountain'd falſehoods to invade the ſkies;
Then warmer numbers glow thro' Satire's page,
And all her ſmiles are darken'd into rage;
On eagle wings ſhe gains Parnaſſus' height,
Not lofty Epic ſoars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flaſh her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.
  Yet Satire oft' aſſumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a ſmile ſerene:
She wounds reluctant, pours her balm with joy,
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye:
But chief when virtue, learning, arts, decline,
She joys to ſee unconquer'd Merit ſhine;
Where burſting glorious with departing ray
True genius gilds the cloſe of Britain's day:
With joy ſhe ſees the ſtream of Roman art
From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart;
Sees Yorke to fame e'er yet to manhood known,
And juſt to ev'ry virtue but his own;
Hears unſtain'd Cam with gen'rous pride proclaim
A ſage's, critic's, and a poet's, name;

Beholds where Widcombe's happy hills aſcend
Each orphan'd art and virtue find a friend;
To Hagley's honour'd ſhade directs her view,
And culls each flow'r to form a wreath for you.
  But tread with cautious ſtep this dang'rous ground,
Beſet with faithleſs precipices round:
Truth be your guide; diſdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's native luſtre that muſt ſhine;
The poet can but ſet it in his line:
And who, unmov'd with laughter, can behold
A ſordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold?
Let real merit then adorn your lays,
For ſhame attends on proſtituted praiſe;
And all your wit, your moſt diſtinguiſh'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honeſt heart.
  Nor think the Muſe by Satire's law confin'd;
She yields deſcription of the nobleſt kind.
Inferior art the landſcape may deſign,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:
Her daring thought eſſays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates paſſion, pictures man.
And great the toil the latent ſoul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue ſtrike our eyes,
Now bid a Wolſey or a Cromwell riſe;
Now, with a touch more ſacred and refin'd,
Call forth a Cheſterfield's or Lonſdale's mind.

Here ſweet or ſtrong may ev'ry colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvaſs glow;
Of light and ſhade provoke the noble ſtriſe,
And wake each ſtriking feature into life.

PART III.

Thro' ages thus has Satire keenly ſhin'd,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had ſprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet ſung.
This Muſe in ſilence joy'd each better age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage:
Truth ſaw her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts and urge their flight.
Firſt on the ſons of Greece ſhe prov'd her art,
And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart;
To Latium next avenging Satire flew;
The flaming falchion rough Lucilius drew,
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious villains trembled as he rag'd.
Then ſportive Horace caught the gen'rous fire,
For Satire's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre;
Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And as it grew more poliſh'd grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely ſly, cajoil'd the foes of ſenſe:
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart,
But while he ſported drove it to the heart.

In graver ſtrains majeſtic Perſeus wrote,
ig with a ripe exuberance of thought;
reatly ſedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
nd laſh'd Corruption with a calm diſdain.
More ardent eloquence and boundleſs rage
nflame bold Juvenal's exalted page;
is mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
nd ſwept audacious Greatneſs to its doom:
he headlong torrent thund'ring from on high
ent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.
But, lo! the fatal victor of mankind,
woln Luxury!—pale Ruin ſtalks behind!
s countleſs inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
o blaſt the ſpring and ravage ev'ry flow'r,
o barb'rous millions ſpread contagious death,
he ſick'ning laurel wither'd at their breath:
eep Superſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
eneath whoſe baleful dews the poppy ſprung:
o longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
ut Dulneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove;
Vit, ſpirit, freedom, were the ſole offence,
or aught was held ſo dangerous as ſenſe.
At length, again fair Science ſhot her ray,
awn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
ow, Satire! triumph o'er thy flying foe,
ow load thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow.
Tis done—See! great Eraſmus breaks the ſpell,
nd wounds triumphant Folly in her cell:

(In vain the ſolemn coul ſurrounds her face;
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſour grimace)
With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reaſon urg'd by wit.
'Twas then plain Donne in honeſt vengeance roſe
His wit harmonious, tho' his rhyme was proſe:
He 'midſt an age of puns and pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe and Roman ſtrength of thought
Yet ſcarce had Satire well relum'd her flame
(With grief the Muſe records her country's ſhame)
Ere Britain ſaw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtic, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought and tinſel beauty ſhine;
Wit's ſhatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry morals the court poet bluſh'd to ſing;
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay "the oddeſt thing:"
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.
Ill-fated Dryden! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred ſkies
Low creeping in the putrid ſink of Vice;
A Muſe whom Wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pimp of Pow'r, the proſtitute to Gain:

Wreaths that ſhould deck fair Virtue's form alone
To ſtrumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrivall'd parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame,
And genius riſe a monument of ſhame!
More happy France: immortal Boileau there
Supported Genius with a ſage's care;
Him with her love propitious Satire bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt:
Fancy and ſenſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs judgment guides the pureſt fire.
But ſee, at length, the Britiſh Genius ſmile,
And ſhow'r her bounties o'er her favour'd iſle:
Behold, for Pope ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one!
Each Roman's force adorns his various page,
Gay ſmiles, collected ſtrength, and manly rage.
Deſpairing Guilt and Dulneſs loath the ſight,
As ſpectres vaniſh at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image juſtly fine and boldly true:
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's ſupreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity;
While ſelf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joy ſurveys her form divine.
But, oh! what thoughts, what numbers, ſhall I find
But faintly to expreſs the poet's mind?
Who yonder ſtar's effulgence can diſplay,
Unleſs he dip his pencil in the ray?

Who paint a god unleſs the god inſpire?
What catch the lightning but the ſpeed of fire?
So, mighty Pope! to make thy genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each Muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove,
With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next to her bard majeſtic Wiſdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame;
With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe
Whom fear can ſway, or guilty greatneſs bribe;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views thy daring ſpirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart,
And pour a moral tranſport o'er the heart.
Fantaſtic wit ſhoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze expires:
Wit kindled by the ſulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it ſhines deſtroys;
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and conſtant, like the ſource of day:
Like this its beam prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;

Mildly diſpels each wintry paſſion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praiſe, immortal Pope! to thee be giv'n;
Thy génius was indeed a gift from Heav'n.
Hail, Bard unequall'd! in whoſe deathleſs line
Reaſon and wit with ſtrength collected ſhine;
Where matchleſs wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
Loſt, nobly loſt, in truth's ſuperior blaze.
Did friendſhip e'er miſlead thy wand'ring Muſe?
That friendſhip ſure may plead the great excuſe:
That ſacred friendſhip which inſpir'd thy ſong,
Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.
Error like this ev'n truth can ſcarce reprove;
'Tis almoſt virtue when it flows from love.
Ye deathleſs names! ye ſons of endleſs praiſe!
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, ſhall an artleſs Muſe, if you inſpire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O Warburton! inſpir'd by you,
The daring Muſe a nobler path purſue,
By you inſpir'd on trembling pinions ſoar,
The ſacred founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid her country's glory fire her page:
If ſuch her fate, do thou, fair Truth! deſcend,
And watchful guard her in an honeſt end:
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe, but thine.

But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apoſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And daſh the ſmoking cenſer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear inſtructed bards may ſee
That guilt is doom'd to ſink in infamy.

AN ESSAY ON MAN:

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

Having propofed to write fome pieces on Human Life and Manners, fuch as (to ufe my Lord Bacon's expreffion) "come home to men's bufinefs "and bofoms," I thought it more fatisfactory to begin with confidering Man in the abftract—his Nature and his State; fince to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatfoever, it is neceffary firft to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpofe of its being.

The fcience of human nature is, like all other fciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ftudying too much fuch finer nerves and veffels, the conformations and ufes of which will for ever

escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but it is true: I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail without becoming dry and tedious, or more poetically without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution

of any of them, I freely confefs he will compafs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publifhed is only to be confidered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connexion, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow; confequently thefe Epiftles in their progrefs (if I have health and leifure to make any progrefs) will be lefs dry, and more fufceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the paffage: to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their courfe, and to obferve their effects, may be a tafk more agreeable.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

WHEN Love's * great goddeſs, anxious for her ſon,
Beheld him wand'ring on a coaſt unknown,
A huntreſs in the wood ſhe feign'd to ſtray,
To cheer his drooping mind, and point his way:
But Venus' charms no borrow'd form could hide;
He knew and worſhipp'd his celeſtial guide.
  Thus vainly, Pope, unſeen you would diſpenſe
Your glorious ſyſtem of benevolence;
And, heav'nly taught, explain the angels' ſong,
That praiſe to God and peace to men belong.
Conceal'd in vain the bard divine we know,
From whence ſuch truths could ſpring, ſuch lines could flow.
Applauſe, which juſtly ſo much worth purſues,
You only can deſerve, or could refuſe.

TO THE CONCEALED

AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

YES, friend! thou art conceal'd. Conceal'd! but how?
Ever the brighteſt, more refulgent now,
By thy own luſtre hid! each nervous line,
Each melting verſe, each ſyllable, is thine:
But ſuch philoſophy, ſuch reaſon ſtrong,
Has never yet adorn'd thy loftieſt ſong.

* Æneid I.

Dost thou, satiric, vice and folly brand,
Intent to purge the town, the court, the land?
Is thy design to make men good and wise,
Exposing the deformity of vice?
Dost thou thy wit at once and courage show,
Strike hard, and bravely vindicate the blow?
Dost thou delineate God, or trace out man,
The vast immensity, or mortal span?
Thy hand is known; nor needs thy work a name,
The Poem loudly must the pen proclaim.
I see, my friend! O, sacred Poet, hail!
The brightness of thy face defeats the veil.
Write thou, and let the world the writing view;
The world will know, and will pronounce it you.
Dark in thy grove, or in thy closet sit,
We see thy wisdom, harmony, and wit:
Forth breaks the blaze, astonishing our sight,
Enshrin'd in clouds, we see, we see thee write.
So the sweet warbler of the spring, alone,
Sings darkling, but unseen her note is known;
And so the lark, inhabiting the skies,
Thrills unconceal'd, tho' wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

As when some student first with curious eye
Thro' Nature's wondrous frame attempts to pry,

His doubtful reafon feeming faults furprife,
He afks if this be juft, if that be wife?
Storms, tempefts, earthquakes, virtue in diftrefs,
And vice unpunifh'd, with ftrange thoughts opprefs;
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind he opens, fair is all he fees;
Storms, tempefts, earthquakes, Virtue's ragged plight,
And Vice's triumph, all are juft and right;
Beauty is found, and order, and defign,
And the whole fcheme acknowledg'd all divine.
So when at firft I view'd thy wondrous plan,
Leading thro' all the winding maze of Man,
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to purfue,
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.
This falfe, that ill-expref'd, this thought not good,
And all was wrong which I mifunderftood:
But reading more attentive, foon I found
The diction nervous, and the doctrine found;
Saw man a part of that ftupendous whole
"Whofe body Nature is, and God the foul;"
Saw in the fcale of things his middle ftate,
And all his pow'rs adapted juft to that;
Saw reafon, paffion, weaknefs, how of ufe,
How all to good, to happinefs, conduce;
Saw my own weaknefs, thy fuperior pow'r,
And ftill the more I read admire the more.

R. D.

TO MR. POPE.

BY A LADY.

FATHER of verſe! indulge an artleſs Muſe,
Juſt to the warmth thy envy'd lays infuſe.
Rais'd by the ſoul that breathes in ev'ry line,
(My Phœbus thou, thy awful works my ſhrine!)
Grateful I bow, thy mighty genius own,
And hail thee ſeated on thy natal throne.
Stung by thy fame, tho' aided by thy light,
See bards, till now unknown, eſſay to write:
Rous'd by thy heat, unnumber'd ſwarms ariſe,
As inſects live beneath autumnal ſkies;
While Envy pines with unappeas'd deſire,
And each mean breaſt betrays th' invidious fire.
   Yet thou, great Leader of the ſacred train!
(Whoſe Parthian ſhaft ne'er took its flight in vain)
Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the age,
Let wholeſome Satire looſe thro' ev'ry page,
Born for the taſk, whom no mean views inflame,
Who lance to cure, and ſcourge but to reclaim.
   Yet not on Satire all your hours beſtow;
Oft' from your lyre let gentler numbers flow;
Such ſtrains as breath'd thro' Windſor's lov'd retreats,
" And call'd the Muſes to their ancient ſeats."
Thy manly force, and genius unconfin'd,
Shall mould to future fame the growing mind;

To ripen'd ſouls more ſolid aids impart,
And while you touch the ſenſe correct the heart:
Yet tho' o'er all you ſhed diffuſive light
Baſe minds will envy ſtill, and ſcribblers write.
  Thus the imperial ſource of genial heat
Gilds the aſpiring dome and mean retreat;
Bids gems a ſemblance of himſelf unfold,
And warms the purer ductile ore to gold:
Yet the ſame heat aſſiſts each reptile birth,
And draws infectious vapours from the earth.

AN ODE TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE.

Pindarum quiſquis, &c.

For me how vain to urge my vent'rous flight,
Where only Pope's ſtrong pinion can aſpire!
Horace, great ſource of true poetic light,
Would melt my waxen wings before his fire.

As Thames' clear ſtream thro' flow'ry margins flows,
At firſt the humbler treaſure of the plain,
Till with each ſpring the ſwelling current grows,
And rolls his pow'r and commerce o'er the main:

So ſoft deſcending from the Muſes' hill
Pope's ſpreading genius paſſes ev'ry bound,
Big with experience, knowledge, taſte, and ſkill,
And flows uncheck'd o'er all poetic ground.

Freſh wreaths on ev'ry ſide await his head,
Whether in Fancy's wilds (a) he youthful ſtray,
In humours (b) frolic round new meaſures tread,
Or boldly follow Pindar's (c) pathleſs way.

Religious he maintains the Muſe's truſt;
Pure in his breaſt he guards the ſacred fire;
To his progreſſive genius ſtrictly juſt,
Its uſe dilating as its pow'rs aſpire.

Whether from antique ruſt, with pious toil,
He poliſh Britain's ancient poets' (d) praiſe,
Or planting careful in his better ſoil,
Preſerve more green the Greek and Roman bays (e).

Whether the nobler monument (f) he frame
To thoſe whom virtues, arts, or arms, adorn;
Or ſnatch from Envy (g), or the grave, their fame,
Whom Pride oppreſſes, or the virtuous mourn;

Till (as of old, ſome heav'n-inſtructed bard)
To Man (h) he pleads in Truth and Wiſdom's cauſe;
Chaſtiſes Vice, deals Virtue her reward,
Supports the pulpit, and ſupplies the laws.

High on the ſwelling gale of conſtant praiſe
We ſee this Swan of Themes ſublimely riſe,
Ev'n Envy's (i) breath but ſerves his flight to raiſe,
And lift his ſpotleſs plumage to the ſkies.

While on the humble banks, far, far below!
Unmark'd, my tuneleſs reed I painful try;

(a) Paſtorals, and Windſor Foreſt. (b) Rape of the Lock. (c) Odes. (d) Chaucer and Donne. (e) Homer, Horace, Ovid. (f) Epitaphs. (g) Epiſtles. (h) Eſſay on Man. (i) The Dunciad.

Like the ſmall bee, with toil collecting ſlow
The faint perfume which lowly ſhrubs ſupply.

To move our abſent Prince *, (the realm's deſire)
Then let his ſkill compoſe th' attractive ſong;
Or you, my Lord, may boldly ſtrike the lyre,
You, to whoſe call the willing Muſes throng.

Perſuaſion decks your words with ev'ry art
To lead the ſocial band in ſportive wit,
To guide the judgment, and to warm the heart,
While ſenates held in rapt'rous ſilence ſit.

Or (tho' each bard in rev'rence mute ſhould wait)
A joyful people his return ſhall greet;
The buſy hall ſhall ceaſe from loud debate;
Contending parties bow at George's feet.

Applauding ſenates ſhall record his fame,
And hail the arbiter of Europe home:
Him haughty Gallia's dread they ſhall proclaim;
From him the Turk and Tartar wait their doom.

Fate never gave a king ſo great before;
A king ſo good no nation ſhall behold:
For him the grateful realm ſhall Heav'n adore;
For him, whoſe reign revives the Age of Gold.

To peaceful congreſs when his arts have led
Europe's contending lords, inur'd to war,
The ſacred olive wreath ſhall grace his head,
That wreath ſo often purchas'd by his care.

* This ode was written when his Majeſty was expected from Hanover, in the year 1736-7.

My voice unheard would join the gen'ral praise,
When well-plac'd Eloquence exhausts the theme;
When mitred lords their hands to heav'n shall raise,
And give God thanks with piety extreme.

With loyal luxury to crowd the board
Artists shall vie, th' eternal feast succeed;
Woods, lakes, and seas, their plenty shall afford,
And slaughter'd hecatombs profusely bleed.

But far from kings and courts, my humbler fate
Blesses with health and peace my homely fare,
Where my calm wishes frame no schemes of state,
But still for Britain's welfare form the pray'r.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

BY MR. SOMERVILE.

WAS ever Work to such perfection wrought!
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze!
So breaks the day upon the shades of night,
Enliv'ning all with one unbounded light.
  To humble man's proud heart thy great design:
But who can read this wondrous work divine,
So justly plann'd, and so politely writ,
And not be proud, and boast of human wit?

Yet juſt to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mix'd with coarſe allay,
Our happineſs to love, adore, obey;
To praiſe him for each gracious boon beſtow'd,
For this thy Work, for ev'ry leſſer good;
With proſtrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.
The Muſe which ſhould inſtruct now entertains
On trifling ſubjects, in enervate ſtrains;
Be it thy taſk to ſet the wand'rer right,
Point out her way in her aërial flight;
Her noble mien, her honours loſt reſtore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly ſoar:
Thy theme ſublime and eaſy verſe will prove
Her high deſcent, and miſſion from above.
Let others now tranſlate; thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to Men;
In Virtue's cauſe ſhall glorioſly prevail,
When the Bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail.
Made wiſe by thee, whoſe happy ſtyle conveys
The pureſt morals in the ſofteſt lays,
As angels once, ſo now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
Thy kind reforming Muſe ſhall lead the way
To the bright regions of eternal day.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

Of the nature and state of Man with respect to the universe.

The Argument.

OF Man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, v. 17, *&c.* II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, v. 35, *&c.* III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, v. 77, *&c.* IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, v. 113, *&c.* V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural, v. 131, *&c.* VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfections of the angels, and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable, v. 173, *&c.* VII. That throughout the whole visible world an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, v. 207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed, v. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride, of such a desire, v. 259. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, v. 281, *&c.* to the end.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.

Let us (ſince life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man ;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan ;
A wild where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot,
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.
I. Say firſt, of God above or Man below
What can we reaſon but from what we know?
Of Man what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are:
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connexions, nice dependencies,

Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
  Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God or thee?
  II. Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother Earth why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade!
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above
Why Jove's ſatellites are leſs than Jove!
  Of ſyſtems poſſible, if 't is confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes riſe in due degree;
Then in the ſcale of reas'ning life 't is plain
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as man;
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, If God has plac'd him wrong?
  Reſpecting Man whatever wrong we call
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's one ſingle can its end produce,
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe:
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown;

Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal:
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When the proud ſteed ſhall know why Man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', beings', uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.
Then ſay not Man 's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather Man 's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place,
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere
What matter ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſs'd to-day is as completely ſo
As who began a thouſand years ago.
III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know;
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh! blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n;

Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
  Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions ſoar,
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliſs he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never is but always to be bleſt.
The ſoul (uneaſy and confin'd) from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.
  Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To be contents his natural deſire;
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.
  IV. Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe
Weigh thy opinion againſt Providence;

PAGE NO- 44,45 MISSING IN ORIGINAL

The gen'ral order, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.
VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he
And little leſs than angel, would be more; [ſoar,
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to theſe without profuſion kind,
The proper organs proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond Mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a fly.
Say what the uſe were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?

Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring zephyr and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental, pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam?
Of ſmell the headlong lioneſs between
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green?
Of hearing from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How inſtinct varies in the grov'lling ſwine
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reaſon what a nice barrier!
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd!
What thin partitions ſenſe from thought divide!

And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation could they be
Subjected theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?
VIII. See thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, Man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale 's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;

Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh, madneſs! pride! impiety!
 IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the rûling mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another in this gen'ral frame;
Juſt as abſurd to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing Mind of All ordains.
 All are but parts of one ſtupendoûs whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
 X. Ceaſe then, nor Order Imperfection name;
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit—in this or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſs'd as thou canſt bear;
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All diſcord harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil univerſal good:
And ſpite of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is is right.*

EPISTLE II.

Of the nature and ſtate of Man with reſpect to himſelf as an individual.

The Argument.

I. THE buſineſs of Man not to pry into God, but to ſtudy himſelf: his middle nature; his powers and frailties, v. 1, to 19. The limits of his capacity, v. 19. &c. II. The two principles of Man, ſelf-love and reaſon, both neceſſary, v. 53, &c. Self-love the ſtronger, and why, v. 67, &c. Their end the ſame, v. 81, &c. III. The paſſions, and their uſe, v. 93, to 130. The predominant paſſion, and its force, v. 132, to 160. Its neceſſity, in directing Men to different purpoſes, v. 165, &c. Its providential uſe in fixing our principle, and aſcertaining our virtue, v. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things ſeparate and evident: what is the office of Reaſon, v. 203, to 216. V. How odious vice in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it, v. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are anſwered in our paſſions and imperfections, v. 238, &c. How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all orders of Men, v. 241.; how uſeful they are to ſociety, v. 251.; and to individuals, v. 263.; in every ſtate, and every age, of life, v. 273, &c.

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan;
The proper ſtudy of mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A being darkly wiſe and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between, in doubt to act or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a god or beaſt;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;

Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:
Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd;
The glory, jeſt, and riddle, of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where ſcience guides;
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;
Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the ſun;
Go, ſoar with Plato to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his foll'wers trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As Eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the ſun;
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a Newton as we ſhew an ape.
Could he, whoſe rules the rapid comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?

Alas! what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves by Paſſion is undone.
  Trace Science then, with Modeſty thy guide;
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dreſs,
Or learning's luxury, or idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!
  II. Two principles in human nature reign,
Self-love to urge, and Reaſon to reſtrain;
Nor this a good nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end to move or govern all,
And to their proper operation ſtill
Aſcribe all good, to their improper ill.
  Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man but for that no action could attend,
And but for this were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love, ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh,
Reaſon 's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments temptations throng;
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens reaſon, and ſelf-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite,
And grace and virtue, ſenſe and reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft' no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy that its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of ſelf-love the paſſions we may call;
'Tis real good or ſeeming moves them all;

But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide,
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome virtue's name.
  In lazy apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is exerciſe, not reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul;
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.
  Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and ſoften'd in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road;
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and ſhades whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.

Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they ceaſe in proſpect riſe;
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find;
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike:
Hence diff'rent paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one maſter-paſſion in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.
As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath
Receives the lurking principle of death,
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame, [ſtrength;
The mind's diſeaſe, its ruling paſſion came.
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole
Soon flows to this in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,
As the mind opens and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, ſpirit, faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r,
As Heav'n's bleſs'd beam turns vinegar more ſour.
We, wretched ſubjects, tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:

Ah! if ſhe lend not arms as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
  Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard:
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft' more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 't is follow'd, ev'n at life's expenſe,
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride;
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.
  Th' eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;

The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.
  As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted learn to bear,
The ſureſt virtues thus from paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice prudence, ſloth philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue male or female can we name,
But what will grow on pride or grow on ſhame.
  Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhor'd in Catiline
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
  IV. This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd
What ſhall divide? the God within the mind.
  Extremes in Nature equal ends produce;
In Man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;

Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in ſome well-wrought picture light and ſhade,
And oft' ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them coſts the time and pain.
V. Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft', familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the North? at York 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone
Or never feel the rage or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe,
And ev'n the beſt by fits what they deſpiſe.

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For vice or virtue ſelf directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral gaol;
But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole:
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward, but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
  Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts, to reſign;
Taught, half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
  Whate'er the paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.

The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chymiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſs'd, the poet in his Muſe.
  See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
  Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before,
Till tir'd he ſleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
  Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In Folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble Joy;
One proſpect loſt another ſtill we gain,
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain:

Ev'n mean ſelf-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others' wants by thine.
See! and confeſs one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wiſe.

EPISTLE III.

Of the nature and state of Man with respect to society.

The Argument.

I. THE whole universe one system of society, v. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, v. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, v. 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, v. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, v. 99. III. How far society carried by instinct, v. 109; how much farther by reason, v. 128. IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, v. 147. Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of arts, v. 166.; and in the forms of society, v. 176. V. Origin of political societies, v. 199.; origin of monarchy, v. 207.; Patriarchal government, v. 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of love, v. 215, &c.; origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle, of fear, v. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, v. 266. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, v. 285. Mixed government, v. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, v. 300, &c.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day,
But most be present if we preach or pray.
I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend;
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See matter next, with various life endued,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral good:
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again.
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter borne,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving, ſoul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt,
Made beaſt an aid of Man, and Man of beaſt:
All ſerv'd, all ſerving; nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.
 Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer.

The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.
  Know Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See Man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe.
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
  Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak control;
Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And till he ends the being makes it bleſt;
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal ſlain.

The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou, too, muſt periſh when thy feaſt is o'er!
  To each unthinking being Heav'n, a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it, but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
  II. Whether with reaſon or with inſtinct bleſt,
Know all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near,
But honeſt inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'erſhoot, but juſt to hit,
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human wit;
Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier reaſon labours at in vain.
This, too, ſerves always, reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;

And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 't is God directs, in that 't is Man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
But as he fram'd the whole the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first eternal Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, Man to Man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace!
They love themselves a third time in their race.

Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt and the love;
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits, riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecaſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.
IV. Nor think in Nature's ſtate they blindly trod;
The ſtate of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and ſocial at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not, nor arts that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;

The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed:
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'n's attribute was univerſal care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the Man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer ſavage, Man.

See him from nature riſing ſlow to art!
To copy inſtinct then was Reaſon's part:
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake—
"Go, from the creatures thy inſtructions take:
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
"Learn of the little nautilus to ſail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
"Here, too, all forms of ſocial union find,
"And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:

"Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
"There towns aërial on the waving tree.
"Learn each ſmall people's genius, policies,
"The ants' republic, and the realm of bees;
"How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
"And anarchy without confuſion know;
"And theſe for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
"Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
"Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
"Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
"In vain thy reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
"Entangle Juſtice in her net of law,
"And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
"Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
"Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
"Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
"And for thoſe arts mere inſtinct could afford,
"Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."
V. Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Man obey'd;
Cities were built, ſocieties were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What war could raviſh commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
Converſe and love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When love was liberty, and Nature law.

Thus ſtates were form'd, the name of King unknown,
Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas virtue only, (or in arts or arms
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a ſire the ſons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.
VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch ſate
King, prieſt, and parent, of his growing ſtate;
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground;
Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great firſt Father, and that firſt ador'd:
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple reaſon never ſought but one.
Ere wit oblique had broke that ſteady light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
To virtue in the paths of pleaſure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith and all th' allegiance then,
For Nature knew no right divine in Men;

No ill could fear in God, and underſtood
A ſov'reign being but a ſov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
  Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cauſe.
Force firſt made conqueſt, and that conqueſt law,
Till Superſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, ſlaves of ſubjects, made:
She 'midſt the lightning's blaze and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they;
She from the rending earth and burſting ſkies
Saw gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſs'd abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were rage, revenge, or luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride:

Then facred feem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firft the flamen tafted living food,
Next his grim idol fmear'd with human blood;
With Heav'n's own thunders fhook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.
So drives felf-love thro' juft and thro' unjuft,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luft:
The fame felf-love in all becomes the caufe
Of what reftrains him, government and laws.
For what one likes if others like as well?
What ferves one will when many wills rebel?
How fhall he keep what, fleeping or awake,
A weaker may furprife, a ftronger take?
His fafety muft his liberty reftrain;
All join to guard what each defires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by felf-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd juftice and benevolence:
Self-love forfook the path it firft purfu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the ftudious head or gen'rous mind,
Foll'wer of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, rofe but to reftore
The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his fhadow drew;
Taught pow'r's due ufe to people and to kings,
Taught nor to flack nor ftrain its tender ftrings,

The leſs or greater ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too,
Till jarring int'reſts of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd ſtate.
Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings
From order, union, full conſent of things;
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer; ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And in proportion as it bleſſes bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or angel, ſervant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For modes of faith let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will diſagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this one great end;
And all of God that bleis mankind or mend.
  Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the ſun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the ſoul,
And one regards itſelf, and one the whole.
  Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade ſelf-love and ſocial be the ſame.

Of the nature and ſtate of Man with reſpect to happineſs.

The Argument.

I. FALSE notions of happineſs, philoſophical and popular, anſwered, from v. 19, to 27. II. It is the end of all Men, and attainable by all, v. 29. God intends happineſs to be equal; and, to be ſo, it muſt be ſocial, ſince all particular happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs, by general, not particular, laws, v. 35. As it is neceſſary for order, and the peace and welfare of ſociety, that external goods ſhould be unequal, happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe, v. 51: but, notwithſtanding that inequality, the balance of happineſs among mankind is kept even by Providence by the two paſſions of hope and fear, v. 70. III. What the happineſs of individuals is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, v. 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, v. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general laws in favour of particulars, v. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt, v. 131, *&c.* VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of, virtue, v. 167. That even theſe can make no man happy without virtue, inſtanced in Riches, v. 185. Honours, v. 193. Nobility, v. 205. Greatneſs, v. 217. Fame, v. 237. Superior talents, v. 259, *&c.* with pictures of human infelicity in Men poſſeſſed of them all, v. 269. *&c.* VII. That virtue only conſtitutes a happineſs whoſe object is univerſal, and whoſe proſpect eternal, v. 309, *&c.* That the perfection of virtue and happineſs conſiſts in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a reſignation to it here and hereafter, v. 327, *&c.*

OH, Happineſs! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which ſtill ſo near us yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double by the fool and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropp'd below,
Say in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?

Fair op'ning to fome court's propitious fhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaffian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvefts of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil
We ought to blame the culture, not the foil:
Fix'd to no fpot is happinefs fincere;
'Tis no where to be found or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Afk of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind;
This bids to ferve and that to fhun mankind;
Some place the blifs in action, fome in eafe,
Thofe call it Pleafure, and Contentment thefe;
Some funk to beafts, find pleafure end in pain;
Some fwell'd to gods confefs ev'n virtue vain!
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truft in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, fay they more or lefs
Than this, that happinefs is happinefs?
Take Nature's path and mad Opinion's leave;
All ftates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleafe,
Equal is common fenfe and common eafe.
Remember, Man, "the Univerfal Caufe
"Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws,"

And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There 's not a bleſſing individuals find
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd.
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink;
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain
Shall find the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav'n's firſt law; and, this confeſt,
Some are and muſt be greater than the reſt;
More rich, more wiſe: but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their happineſs:
But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance, is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?

If then to all Men happineſs was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
  Fortune her gifts may varioufly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear
While thoſe are plac'd in hope and theſe in fear:
Not preſent good or ill the joy or curſe,
But future views of better or of worſe,
  Oh! Sons of Earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe
By mountains pil'd on mountains to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
  Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But health conſiſts with temperance alone;
And peace, oh, Virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight
Who riſk the moſt that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bleſs'd or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they would,
One they muſt want, which is to paſs for good.

Oh! blind to truth and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy bliſs to vice, to virtue woe!
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See godlike Turenne proſtrate on the duſt!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their virtue or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me if virtue made the ſon expire,
Why full of days and honour lives the ſire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not ill, if rightly underſtood,
Or partial ill is univerſal good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short and but rare till Man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.

Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
  Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh, blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?
  But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be;
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who but God can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of Hell:
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing or its rod,
This cries There is, and that There is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest;
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue punish mine.
Whatever is is right.—This world, 't is true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:
And which more bless'd? who chain'd his country say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

"But ſometimes virtue ſtarves while vice is fed."
What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit; 't is the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it when he tempts the main,
Where Folly fights for kings or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—ſhall the good want health, the good want
pow'r?"
Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing;
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a god, and earth a heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say at what part of Nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſunſhine and the heart-felt joy
Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, fooliſh Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?

Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind:
Rewards that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing.
How oft' by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or truſt,
Content or pleaſure, but the good and juſt?
Judges and ſenates have been bought for gold;
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
Oh! fool, to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a-year.
  Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend, a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk.
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on Greatness; say where greatness lies?
"Where but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All fly slow things with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates; that man is great indeed.
 What 's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath;
A thing beyond us ev'n before our death:
Juſt what you hear you have; and what 's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living as a Cæſar dead:
Alike or when or where they ſhone or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.
A wit 's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honeſt Man 's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd
Is hung on high to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.
 In parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?

'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To ſee all others' faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in bus'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
  Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they 'mount;
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft' is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſk'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt, of mankind;
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all:
There in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs complete!

In hearts of kings or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſeaweed, as proud Venus roſe;
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that raiſe the hero ſunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold;
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh, wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame
A tale that blends their glory with their ſhame!
  Know then this truth, (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſs'd in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
And if it loſe attended with no pain:

Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place, acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man 's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected while another 's bleſs'd;
And where no wants no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more virtue is to gain.
 See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the good untaught will find;
Slave to no ſect who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God;
Purſues that chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above and ſome below;
Learns from this union of the riſing whole,
The firſt, laſt, purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God and love of Man.
 For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill and opens on his ſoul,
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.

He ſees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt virtue with his greateſt bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliſs but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts; but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from individual to the whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtraight ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race:
Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind:
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh, maſter of the poet and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this Verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light,
Shew'd erring pride whatever is is right;
That reaſon, paſſion, anſwer one great aim;
That true ſelf-love and ſocial are the ſame;
That virtue only makes our bliſs below,
And all our knowledge is ourſelves to know.

[As some passages in the Essay on Man have been suspected of favouring the schemes of Leibnitz and Spinoza, or of a tendency towards Fate and Naturalism, it is thought proper here to insert the two following Letters, to show how ill-grounded such a suspicion is.—These letters are not in any London edition.]

Mr. Pope to the younger Racine, a celebrated French writer, occasioned by his animadversions on his Essay on Man, in a poem called Religion.

SIR, *London, Sept.* 1. 1742.

The expectation in which I have been for some time past of receiving the present you have honoured me with, was the occasion of my delaying so long to answer your letter. I am at length favoured with your poem upon Religion, and should have received, from the perusal of it, a pleasure unmixed with pain, had I not the mortification to find that you impute several principles to me which I abhor and detest. My uneasiness met some alleviation from a passage in your preface, where you declare your inability, from a want of knowledge of the English language, to give your own judgment on The Essay on Man. You add, that you do not controvert my tenets, but the evil consequences deducible from them, and the maxims which some persons of notable sagacity have imagined that

they have discovered in my poem. This declaration is a shining proof of your candour, your discretion, and your charity. I must take leave to assure you, Sir, that your unacquaintance with the original has not proved more fatal to me than the imperfect conceptions of my translators, who have not sufficiently informed themselves of my real sentiments. The many additional embellishments which my Piece has received from the version of M. D. R—, have not done an honour to The Essay on Man equal to the prejudice it has suffered from his frequent misapprehension of the principles it inculcates. These mistakes, you will perceive, are totally refuted in the English piece which I have transmitted to you. It is a critical and philosophic commentary, written by the learned author of the Divine Legation of Moses. I flatter myself that the Chevalier Ramsay will, from his zeal for truth, take the trouble to explain the contents of it. I shall then persuade myself that your suspicions will be effaced, and I shall have no appeal from your candour and justice.

In the mean time, I shall not hesitate to declare myself very cordially in regard to some particulars about which you have desired an answer.

I must avow then, openly and sincerely, that my principles are diametrically opposite to the sentiments of Spinoza and Leibnitz; they are perfectly coincident with the tenets of M. Paschal and the Archbishop of

Cambray; and I ſhall always eſteem it an honour to me to imitate the moderation with which the latter ſubmitted his private opinions to the deciſions of the church of which he profeſſed himſelf a member.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. POPE.

M. Racine's anſwer to Mr. Pope.

SIR, *Paris, Oct. 25. 1742.*

THE mildneſs and humility with which you juſtify yourſelf is a convincing proof of your religion; the more ſo, as you have done it to one on whom it is incumbent to make his own apology for his raſh attack upon your character. Your manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any mixture of reproach: but though you acquit me with ſo much politeneſs, I ſhall not ſo eaſily forgive myſelf.

Certain it is a precipitance of zeal hurried me away. As I had often heard poſitions, ſaid to be your's, or at leaſt conſequences reſulting from your Eſſay, cited againſt certain truths which I now find you reſpect as much as myſelf, I thought I had a right to enter the liſts with you. The paſſage in my preface was extorted from me by a degree of remorſe which I felt in writing againſt you. This remorſe, Sir, was awakened in me by the conſideration that the greateſt men are always the moſt ſuſceptible of the

truths of Revelation. I was really grieved to think that Mr. Pope ſhould oppoſe a religion whoſe enemies have ever been contemptible; and it appeared ſtrange that, in a Work which points out the road to happineſs, you ſhould furniſh arms to thoſe who are induſtrious to miſguide us in the reſearch.

Your letter, at the ſame time that it does honour to your character, muſt bring a bluſh in my face for having entertained unjuſt ſuſpicions: but notwithſtanding this I think myſelf obliged to make it public. The injury which I have done you was ſo, the reparation ſhould be the ſame. I owe this to you, I owe it to myſelf, I owe it to juſtice.

Whatever may be ſaid in your favour in the commentary you have ſent me, it is now rendered unneceſſary by your own declaration. The reſpect which you avow for the religion you profeſs is a ſufficient vindication of your doctrine. I will add, that, for the future, thoſe among us who ſhall feel the laudable ambition of making their poetry ſubſervient to religion, ought to take you for their model; and it ſhould ever be remembered that the greateſt poet in England is one of the humbleſt ſons of the church.

I am, &c.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood,
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate
Left free the human will.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That more than heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives:
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride
Or impious diſcontent;
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me, whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's incenſe riſe!

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

[*Written in the year* 1709.]

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AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

PART I.

'Tis hard to ſay if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience than miſlead our ſenſe:
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe;
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 't is true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more cloſely we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines tho' touch'd but faintly are drawn right:
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools:

In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpite,
There are who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
  Some have at firſt for wits, then poets, paſt,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.
Some neither can for wits nor critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation 's ſo equivocal;
To tell them would an hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might an hundred tire.
  But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning, go;
Lanch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.
  Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;

Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring Nature! ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt, of art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides,
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides:
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills, the whole;
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains,
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuſe
Want as much more to turn it to its uſe;
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

'Tis more to guide than ſpur the Muſes' ſteed,
Reſtrain his fury than provoke his ſpeed:
The winged courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shows moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.

Thoſe Rules of old, diſcover'd not deviſ'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodiz'd:
Nature, like liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n;
The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then Criticiſm the Muſe's handmaid prov'd
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd;
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd;
Who could not win the miſtreſs woo'd the maid;
Againſt the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey;
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they:
Some dryly plain, without Invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made;
Theſe leave the ſenſe their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.
You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character;
His fable, ſubjects, ſcope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes
Cavil you may, but never criticiſe.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.
When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign,
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there 's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles poetry; in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licenſe anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that licenſe is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend,
And riſe to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects thus ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its end;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have at leaſt their precedent to plead;
The critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties ev'n in them ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and miſ-ſhap'd appear
Conſider'd ſingly or beheld too near,
Which but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs in equal ranks and fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft' are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar ſtands
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands,
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear in all tongues conſenting pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire
The laſt, the meaneſt, of your ſons inſpire,

(That on weak wings, from far, purfues your flights,
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a fcience little known,
T' admire fuperior fenfe, and doubt their own!

PART II.

Of all the caufes which confpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and mifguide the mind,
What the weak head with ftrongeft bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies thus in fouls we find
What wants in blood and fpirits fwell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, fteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of fenfe:
If once right reafon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with refiftlefs day.
Truft not yourfelf; but, your defects to know,
Make ufe of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or tafte not the Pierian fpring:
There fhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely fobers us again.
Fir'd at firft fight with what the Mufe imparts,
In fearlefs youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor fee the lengths behind;

But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurpriſe
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky;
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!
A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No ſingle parts unequally ſurpriſe,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;

No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length, appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors muſt the leſs commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles is a praiſe.
Moſt critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly ſacrifice.
Once on a time La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian ſtage,
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him obſerve the ſubject and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?
All which exact to rule were brought about,
Were but a combat in the liſts left out.

"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the Knight.
"Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagirite."
"Not ſo, by Heav'n! (he anſwers in a rage)
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage."
"So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain."
"Then build a new, or act it on a plain."
Thus critics of leſs judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form ſhort ideas, and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to Conceit alone their taſte confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing 's juſt or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft' was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies periſh thro' exceſs of blood.
Others for Language all their care expreſs,
And value books as women men, for dreſs:

Their praiſe is ſtill—the ſtyle is excellent;
The ſenſe they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves, and where they moſt abound
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay;
But true expreſſion, like th' unchanging ſun,
Clears and improves whate'er it ſhines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent as more ſuitable.
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd:
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſeveral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, mere Moderns in their ſenſe;
Such labour'd nothings in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky as Fungoſo in the play,
Theſe ſparks with awkward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt
As apes our grandſires in their doublets dreſt.
In words as faſhions the ſame rule will hold,
Alike fantaſtic if too new or old:

Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.
But moſt by Numbers judge a poet's ſong,
And ſmooth or rough with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds, as ſome to church repair
Not for the doctrine but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft' the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft' creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line it "whiſpers thro' the trees:"
If cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"
Then, at the laſt and only couplet, fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That like a wounded ſnake drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow,
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line
Where Denham's ſtrength and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.

'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence;
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe.
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurpriſe, [main.
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe,
While at each change the ſon of Lybian Jove
Now burns with glory and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of Nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound!
The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.
  Avoid extremes, and ſhun the fault of ſuch
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence;
That always ſhews great pride or little ſenſe:
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve.

As things ſeem large which we thro' miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.
 Some foreign writers ſome our own deſpiſe;
The Ancients only or the Moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Tho' each may feel increaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days:
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.
 Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the Town;
They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with quality;
A conſtant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my Lord.
What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonnetteer or me!

But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtyle refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!
  The vulgar thus thro' imitation err,
As oft' the learn'd by being ſingular;
So much they ſcorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right they purpoſely go wrong.
So ſchiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A Muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons no doubt will think us ſo.
Once ſchool-divines this zealous iſle o'erſpread;
Who knew moſt ſentences was deepeſt read:
Faith, goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted.
Scotiſts and Thomiſts now in peace remain
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.
If faith itſelf has diff'rent dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in wit ſhould take their turn?

Oft' leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation fafe
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some, valuing thofe of their own fide or mind,
Still make themfelves the meafure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praife ourfelves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on thofe of ftate,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, againft Dryden rofe
In various fhapes of parfons, critics, beaus;
But fenfe furviv'd when merry jefts were paft;
For rifing merit will buoy up at laft.
Might he return and blefs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muft arife:
Nay, fhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ftart up from the dead.
Envy will merit as its fhade purfue,
But like a fhadow proves the fubftance true;
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppofing body's groffnefs, not its own.
When firft that fun too pow'rful beams difplays,
It draws up vapours which obfcure its rays;
But ev'n thofe clouds at laft adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the firft true merit to befriend;
His praife is loft who ftays till all commend.

Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 't is but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears
When patriarch wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt:
Our ſons their fathers' failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
  Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings:
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt;
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give the more requir'd;

Whofe fame with pains we guard, but lofe with eafe,
Sure fome to vex, but never all to pleafe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous fhun;
By fools 't is hated, and by knaves undone!
If wit fo much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah! let not learning too commence its foe.
Of old thofe met rewards who could excel,
And fuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were referv'd to grace the foldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnaffus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to fpurn fome others down;
And while felf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the fport of fools;
But ftill the worft with moft regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what bafe ends and by what abject ways
Are mortals urg'd thro' facred luft of praife!
Ah! ne'er fo dire a thirft of glory boaft,
Nor in the critic let the man be loft.
Good nature and good fenfe muft ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.
But if in noble minds fome dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of fpleen and four difdain,
Difcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in thefe flagitious times.
No pardon vile obfcenity fhould find,
Tho' wit and art confpire to move your mind;

But dulneſs with obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,
Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe:
When love was all an eaſy monarch's care,
Seldom at council, never in a war,
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ;
Nay wits had penſions, and young lords had wit;
The fair ſat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a maſk went unimprov'd away;
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The foll'wing licenſe of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where Heav'n's free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice:
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

PART III.

Learn then what morals critics ought to ſhow,
For 't is but half a judge's taſk to know.
'Tis not enough taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak let truth and candour ſhine;
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow, but ſeek your friendſhip too.
Be ſilent always when you doubt your ſenſe,
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive perſiſting fops we know,
Who if once wrong will needs be always ſo;
But you with pleaſure own your errors paſt,
And make each day a critique on the laſt.
'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true,
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſehoods do:
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof who merit praiſe.
'Twere well might critics ſtill this freedom take;
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,

And ſtares tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd, to be dull:
Such without wit are poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful ſatires,
And flattery to fulſome dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribbling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain;
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on their drowſy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew their race,
As after ſtumbling jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of theſe, impenitently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull droppings of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
  Such ſhameleſs bards we have; and yet 't is true
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,

With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſt'ning to himſelf appears:
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him moſt authors ſteal their works or buy;
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.
Name a new play, and he 's the poet's friend;
Nay, ſhow'd his faults--but when would poets mend?
No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's Church more ſafe than Paul's Church-yard:
Nay, fly to altars, there they 'll talk you dead;
For fools ruſh in where angels fear to tread.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes,
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tide.
But where 's the man who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiaſs'd or by favour or by ſpite,
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd well-bred, and tho' well-bred ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere;
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſs'd with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd,
A knowledge both of books and human-kind;

Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?
  Such once were Critics; ſuch the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian ſtar.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws, and ſtood convinc'd 't was fit,
Who conquer'd Nature ſhould preſide o'er wit.
  Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He who, ſupreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm;
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong tranſlations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
  See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
  Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning with the courtier's eaſe.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The juſteſt rules and cleareſt method join'd.
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace;
But leſs to pleaſe the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
And bleſs their critic with a poet's fire:
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt;
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws,
And is himſelf that great Sublime he draws.
Thus long ſucceeding critics juſtly reign'd,
Licenſe repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd:
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts ſtill follow'd where her Eagles flew;
From the ſame foes at laſt both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw Learning fall and Rome.
With tyranny then Superſtition join'd,
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good:
A ſecond deluge Learning thus o'er-ran,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths began.
At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.

But ſee! each Muſe in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her ſiſter arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung:
Immortal Vida! on whoſe honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But ſoon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd:
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic learning flouriſh'd moſt in France:
The rules a nation born to ſerve obeys,
And Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons! foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muſe whoſe rules and practice tell
"Nature's chief maſterpiece is writing well."

Such was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walſh—the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert,
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented Shade! receive;
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give:
The Muſe whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries;
Content if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,
Interdum urbani parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto. HOR.

Advertisement.

THE Essay on Man was intended to have been comprised in Four Books:

The First *of which the Author has given us under that title, in Four Epistles.*

The Second *was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application, of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit; concluding with a satire against the misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.*

The Third *Book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics, in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, as far forth as they affect society; between which the Author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connexion; so that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.*

The Fourth *and last Book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations, of human life.*

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the Author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his strong capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the disjecta membra poetæ *that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected Books.*

The First, *as it treats of Man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects of the three following; so that*

The Second *Book was to take up again the first and second Epistles of the First Book, and treats of Man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, and up and down, occasionally, in the other Three.*

The Third *Book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the Third Epistle of the First, which treats of Man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an epic poem, as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.*

The Fourth *and last Book was to pursue the subject of the Fourth Epistle of the First, and treats of ethics, or practical morality, and would have consisted of many members; of which the Four following Epistles were detached portions: the two first, on the characters of Men and Women, being the introductory part of this concluding Book.*

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

Of the knowledge and characters of Men.

The Argument.

I. THAT it is not ſufficient for this knowledge to conſider Man in the abſtract: books will not ſerve the purpoſe, nor yet our own experience ſingly, v. 1. General maxims, unleſs they be formed upon both, will be but notional, v. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteriſtic to himſelf, yet varying from himſelf, v. 15. Difficulties ariſing from our own paſſions, fancies, faculties, &c. v. 31. The ſhortneſs of life to obſerve in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to obſerve by, v. 37. &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourſelves, v. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, diſſembled, or inconſiſtent, v. 51. The ſame man utterly different in different places and ſeaſons, v. 71. Unimaginable weakneſſes in the greateſt, v. 77, &c. Nothing conſtant and certain but God and Nature, v. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the ſame actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the ſame motives influencing contrary actions, v. 100. II. Yet to form characters we can only take the ſtrongeſt actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itſelf, and from policy, v. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, v. 135.; and ſome reaſon for it, v. 140. Education alters the nature, or at leaſt character, of many, v. 149. Actions, paſſions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all ſubject to change. No judging by Nature, from v. 158, to 174. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling paſſion: that will certainly influence all the reſt, and can reconcile the ſeeming or real inconſiſtency of all his actions, v. 175. Inſtanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, v. 179. A caution againſt miſtaking ſecond qualities for firſt, which will deſtroy all poſſibility of the knowledge of mankind, v. 210. Examples of the ſtrength of the ruling paſſion, and its continuation to the laſt breath, v. 222, &c.

PART I.

YES, you deſpiſe the man to books confin'd,
Who from his ſtudy rails at human-kind;

Tho' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Tho' many a paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philoſopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To obſervations which ourſelves we make
We grow more partial for th' obſerver's ſake;
To written wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from notions, theſe from gueſs.
There 's ſome peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein.
Shall only man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of mind as moſs.
That each from other differs firſt confeſs,
Next that he varies from himſelf no leſs;
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's, ſtrife,
And all Opinion's colours caſt on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds?
Quick whirls and ſhifting eddies of our minds.
On human actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be reaſon, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That inſtant 't is his principle no more.
Like following life thro' creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd thro' our passions shown;
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It huries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft' in the passions' wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close they 're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 't is virtue, for he thinks them knaves;

When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
When flatt'ry glares all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his ſpleen.
  But theſe plain characters we rarely find;
Tho' ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole,
Or affectations quite reverſe the ſoul.
The dull flat falſehood ſerves for policy;
And in the cunning truth itſelf 's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wiſe;
The fool lies hid in inconſiſtencies.
  See the ſame man in vigour, in the gout,
Alone, in company, in place, or out,
Early at bus'neſs, and at hazard late,
Mad at a fox-chaſe, wiſe at a debate,
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball,
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.
  Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave is next a knave,
Save juſt at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'ſon to a ſaint without.
  Who would not praiſe Patricio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in Picquette,
New-market fame, and judgment at a bett.

What made (ſay Montaigne, or more ſage Charron)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd prince a leaden ſaint revere,
A godleſs regent tremble at a ſtar?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithleſs thro' piety, and dup'd thro' wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard, rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the ſame.
In man the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found,
Now in the moon, perhaps now under ground.

PART II.

In vain the ſage, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent what conclude the why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and ſhow
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in bus'neſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the ſoul of one oppreſſive weight
This quits an empire, that embroils a ſtate.
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions ſhew the man: we find
Who does a kindneſs is not therefore kind:
Perhaps proſperity becalm'd his breaſt;
Perhaps the wind juſt ſhifted from the eaſt:

Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat;
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave;
He dreads a deathbed like the meanest slave.
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting, lies.
  But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can:
The few that glare each character must mark;
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
But, sage Historians! 't is your task to prove
One action conduct, one heroic love.
  'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn:
A judge is just, a chanc'llor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop what you will:
Wise if a minister; but if a king
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence ſcarce can penetrate.
In Life's low vale, the ſoil the virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Tho' the ſame ſun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the roſe, and in the di'mond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And juſtly ſet the gem above the flow'r.
'Tis education forms the common mind;
Juſt as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'ſquire,
The next a tradeſman, meek, and much a liar:
Tom ſtruts a ſoldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a ſcriv'ner, an exceeding knave.
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker? ſly: a Preſbyterian? ſour:
A ſmart Freethinker? all things in an hour.
Aſk men's opinion; Scoto now ſhall tell
How trade increaſes, and the world goes well:
Strike off his penſion by the ſetting ſun
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Freethinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a ſtupid ſilent dunce?
Some god or ſpirit he has lately found,
Or chanc'd to meet a miniſter that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or policy take place.

By actions? thoſe uncertainty divides.
By paſſions? theſe diſſimulation hides.
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range.
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

PART III.

SEARCH then the ruling paſſion: there, alone,
The wild are conſtant, and the cunning known;
The fool conſiſtent, and the falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, princes, women, no diſſemblers here.
This clue once found unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and Wharton ſtands confeſt.
Wharton! the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling paſſion was the luſt of praiſe:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wiſe,
Women and fools muſt like him, or he dies:
Tho' wond'ring ſenates hung on all he ſpoke,
The club muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud and now the frier.
Thus with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;

Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And moſt contemptible to ſhun contempt;
His paſſion ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His life to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue which no man can perſuade;
A fool with more of wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad outcaſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves ſhould call him fool.
Nature well known no prodigies remain;
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet in this ſearch the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore,
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore,
In this the luſt, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chaſtity at praiſe.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.

In this one paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As fits give vigour juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
Old politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in bus'neſs to the laſt;
As weak as earneſt, and as gravely out
As ſober Laneſb'row dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend ſire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon that paſſes by unbleſs'd;
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry ſparrow that he ſees.
A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd declares all help too late.
" Mercy!" cries Helluo, " mercy on my ſoul!
" Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal Crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still ſtrives to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
" Odious! in woollen! 't would a ſaint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke!)
" No, let a charming chintz and Bruſſels lace
" Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
"And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."
The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human-kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"
"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
"Your money, Sir?"—"My money, Sir, what, all?
"Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
"The manor, Sir?"—"The manor! hold," he cry'd;
"Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;
Such in those moments as in all the past,
"Oh! save my country, Heav'n!" shall be your last.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

Of the characters of Women.

The Argument.

THAT the particular characters of Women are not ſo ſtrongly marked as thoſe of men, ſeldom ſo fixed, and ſtill more inconſiſtent with themſelves, v. 1, &c. Inſtances of contrarieties, given even from ſuch characters as are moſt ſtrongly marked, and ſeemingly, therefore, moſt conſiſtent: as, I. In the affected, v. 21, &c. II. In the ſoft-natured, v. 29, and 37. III. In the cunning and artful, v. 45. IV. In the whimſical, v. 53. V. In the lewd and vicious, v. 69. VI. In the witty and refined, v. 87. VII. In the ſtupid and ſimple, v. 101. The former part having ſhewn that the particular characters of Women are more various than thoſe of men, it is nevertheleſs obſerved, that the general characteriſtic of the ſex, as to the ruling paſſion, is more uniform, v. 207. This is occaſioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in ſome degree by neceſſity, v. 211. What are the aims and the fate of this ſex:— I. As to power, v. 219. II. As to pleaſure, v. 231. Advice for their true intereſt, v. 249. The picture of an eſtimable Woman with the beſt kind of contrarieties, v. 269.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt women have no characters at all:"
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Counteſs here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there Paſtora by a fountain ſide:
Here Fannia leering on her own good man,
And there a naked Leda with a ſwan.
Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's looſe hair and lifted eye,

Or dreſs'd in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine,
Whether the charmer ſinner it or ſaint it,
If folly grow romantic I muſt paint it.
  Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Chuſe a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.
  Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a ſpark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty ſmock,
Or Sappho at her toilette's greaſy taſk
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning maſk:
So morning inſects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting ſun.
  How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend:
To her Caliſta prov'd her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! you tip the wink;
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe;
All eyes may ſee—a pimple on her noſe.
  Papillia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh, odious, odious trees!"

Ladies like variegated tulips ſhow;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe:
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy ſpots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypſo once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Leſs wit than mimic, more a wit than wiſe:
Strange graces ſtill, and ſtranger flights, ſhe had;
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narciſſa's nature, tolerable mild,
To make a waſh would hardly ſtew a child,
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at Eaſter in a Chriſtian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 't is by that alone ſhe can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name,
A fool to pleaſure, yet a ſlave to fame?
Now deep in Taylor and the book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns,
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad good Chriſtian at her heart.

See Sin in ſtate, majeſtically drunk,
Proud as a peereſs, prouder as a punk;
Chaſte to her huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming miſtreſs, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head 's untouch'd, that noble ſeat of thought.
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She ſins with poets thro' pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tallboy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feaſt,
The noſe of haut-goût, and the tip of taſte,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat;
So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
On the ſoft paſſion, and the taſte refin'd,
Th' addreſs, the delicacy—ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia's a wit, has too much ſenſe to pray:
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty bleſſing "while we live to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A ſpark too fickle, or a ſpouſe too kind.
Wiſe Wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much ſpirit to be e'er at eaſe;

With too much quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought;
You purchaſe pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
  Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate;
No aſs ſo meek, no aſs ſo obſtinate;
Or her that owns her faults but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe 's honeſt and the beſt of friends;
Or her whoſe life the church and ſcandal ſhare,
For ever in a paſſion or a pray'r;
Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming if there 's no ſuch place!"
Or who in ſweet viciſſitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne and nightly draught,
To kill thoſe foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
  But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all womankind!
Who with herſelf, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;
Shines in expoſing knaves and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er ſhe hates and ridicules:
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the world has been her trade;
The wiſeſt fool much time has ever made:

From loveless youth to unrespected age
No passion gratify'd except her rage:
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her provokes revenge from Hell,
But he 's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns or soon or late;
Love if it makes her yield must make her hate.
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an inferior not dependent? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she 'll hate you while you live;
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night her lord was all that 's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of foll'wers! without one distress
Sick of herself thro' very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir:
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n directed, to the poor.
Pictures like these, dear Madam! to design,
Asks no firm hand and no unerring line;

Some wand'ring touches, fome reflected light,
Some flying ftroke, alone can hit them right:
For how fhould equal colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloe fure was form'd without a fpot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleafing, ev'ry prudent, part,
"Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She fpeaks, behaves, and acts, juft as fhe ought,
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue fhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reafonable, fo unmov'd,
As never yet to love or to be lov'd.
She while her lover pants upon her breaft,
Can mark the figures on an Indian cheft;
And when fhe fees her friend in deep defpair,
Obferves how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heav'n! a favour or a debt
She e'er fhould cancel!—but fhe may forget.
Safe is your fecret ftill in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's fhall you ever hear.
Of all her dears fhe never flander'd one,
But cares not if a thoufand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you 're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wife?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be ſeen,
Which Heav'n has varniſh'd out and made a queen;
The ſame for ever! and deſcrib'd by all
With truth and goodneſs as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will,
And ſhew their zeal, and hide their want of ſkill.
'Tis well—but, Artiſts! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality ſo ſtruts and ſwells,
None ſee what parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exacteſt traits of body or of mind
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queenſberry to ſtrip there 's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we muſt take a Helen.
From peer or biſhop 't is no eaſy thing
To draw the man who loves his God or king.
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honeſt Mah'met or plain Parſon Hale.
But grant in public men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman 's ſeen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light diſplay'd,
Your virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in public 't is you hide;
There none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your ſhame or pride,
Weakneſs or delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a virtue or a vice.
In men we various ruling paſſions find;
In Women two almoſt divide the kind;

Thoſe only fix'd they firſt or laſt obey,
The love of pleaſure and the love of ſway.
  That Nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can pleaſure ſeem a fault?
Experience this: by man's oppreſſion curſt
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.
  Men ſome to bus'neſs ſome to pleaſure take,
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a rake:
Men ſome to quiet ſome to public ſtrife,
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.
  Yet mark the fate of a whole ſex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means.
In youth they conquer with ſo wild a rage
As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's triumph is well tim'd retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate repoſe, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
  Pleaſures the ſex as children birds purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure if they catch to ſpoil the toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt:
At laſt to follies youth could ſcarce defend
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;

Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it when they give no more.
As hags hold ſabbaths leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry miſerable night;
Still round and round the ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.
  See how the World its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their paſſion, but their prize a ſot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!
  Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the vain deſign;
To raiſe the thought and touch the heart be thine!
That charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing.
So when the ſun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the moon's more ſober light,
Serene in virgin modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring orb declines.
  Oh! bleſs'd with temper, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a ſiſter's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er anſwers till a huſband cools,
Or if ſhe rules him never ſhows ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt when ſhe obeys;

Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Diſdains all loſs of tickets or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or ſmall-pox, above them all,
And miſtreſs of herſelf tho' china fall.
And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman 's at beſt a contradiction ſtill.
Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt beſt work, but forms a ſofter man;
Picks from each ſex to make the fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of pleaſure, our deſire of reſt;
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taſte of follies with our ſcorn of fools;
Reſerve with frankneſs, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with ſoftneſs, modeſty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new,
Shakes all together, and produces—you.
Be this a Woman's fame; with this unbleſt
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' ſimple pray'r,
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your ſex a tyrant o'er itſelf.
The gen'rous god who wit and gold refines,
And ripens ſpirits as he ripens mines,
Kept droſs for ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave ſenſe, good humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

Of the uſe of Riches.

The Argument.

THAT it is known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profuſion, v. 1, &c. The point diſcuſſed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, v. 21, to 77. That Riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happineſs, ſcarcely neceſſaries, v. 89, to 160. That avarice is an abſolute frenzy, without an end or purpoſe, v. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, v. 121, to 153. That the conduct of men with reſpect to Riches can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, v. 161, to 178. How a miſer acts upon principles which appear to him reaſonable, v. 179. How a prodigal does the ſame, v. 199. The due medium and true uſe of Riches, v. 219. The Man of Roſs, v. 250. The fate of the profuſe and the covetous, in two examples; both miſerable in life and in death, v. 300, &c. The ſtory of Sir Balaam, v. 339, to the end.

P. WHO ſhall decide when doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding jeſt of Heav'n,
And gold but ſent to keep the fools in play,
For ſome to heap and ſome to throw away.
  But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And ſurely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:

But when by man's audacious labour won
Flam'd forth this rival to its ſire the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n ſupply'd two ſorts of men,
To ſquander theſe, and thoſe to hide agen.
  Like doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
We find our tenets juſt the ſame at laſt;
Both fairly owning Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n, or token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.
  B. What nature wants commodious gold beſtows;
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows.
  P. But how unequal it beſtows obſerve;
'Tis thus we riot while who ſow it ſtarve:
What nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to luxury, extends to luſt:
Uſeful I grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark aſſaſſin hires.
  B. Trade it may help, ſociety extend:
  P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.
  B. It raiſes armies in a nation's aid:
  P. But bribes a ſenate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight and patriots rave
If ſecret gold ſap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confeſs, beneath the patriot's cloak
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea ſpoke,
And jingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."

Bleſs'd paper credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket ſtates, can fetch or carry kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an army o'er,
Or ſhip off ſenates to ſome diſtant ſhore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds ſhall blow;
Pregnant with thouſands flits the ſcrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a king or buys a queen.
  Oh! that ſuch bulky bribes as all might ſee
Still, as of old, incumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'ſquires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
  Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all in kind,
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom with a wig ſo wild and mien ſo maz'd
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?

His Grace will game; to White's a bull be led,
With fpurning heels and with a butting head:
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair courfers, vafes, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ftakes he fweep,
Bear home fix whores, and make his lady weep?
Or foft Adonis, fo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of fwine?
Oh! filthy check on all induftrious fkill,
To fpoil the nation's laft great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on fuch a world we fall,
What fay you? B. Say? Why, take it, gold and all.
P. What Riches give us let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes? B. What more? P. Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give;
Alas! 'tis more than (all his vifions paft)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laft!
What can they give? To dying Hopkins heirs?
To Chartres vigour? Japhet nofe and ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle eafe the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narfes, thy obfcener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plafter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wife to fpend)
Give Harpax' felf the blefling of a friend,
Or find fome doctor that would fave the life
Of wretched Shylock fpite of Shylock's wife.

But thouſands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.
To ſome indeed Heav'n grants the happier fate
T' enrich a baſtard, or a ſon they hate.
  Perhaps you think the poor might have their part:
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool.
"God cannot love (ſays Blunt, with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies:
But the good Biſhop, with a meeker air,
Admits and leaves them Providence's care.
  Yet to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf
Each does but hate his neighbour as himſelf.
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The ſlave that digs it and the ſlave that hides.
  B. Who ſuffer thus mere Charity ſhould own
Muſt act on motives pow'rful tho' unknown.
  P. Some war, ſome plague or famine, they foreſee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal the cauſe is found;
He thinks a loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Aſk you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a general exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a man will coſt a plum.

Wiſe Peter ſees the world's reſpect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be ſold.
Glorious ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt Gage.
But nobler ſcenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial ſouls! whoſe life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Aſturian mines.
Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in theſe words our fate:
"At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
"(So long by watchful miniſters withſtood)
"Shall deluge all; and av'rice creeping on
"Spread like a low-born miſt and blot the ſun;
"Stateſman and patriot ply alike the ſtocks,
"Peereſs and butler ſhare alike the box,
"And judges job, and biſhops bite the Town,
"And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown:
"See Britain ſunk in Lucre's ſordid charms,
"And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms!"
'Twas no court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, patriots diſagree,
And nobly wiſhing party-rage to ceaſe,
To buy both ſides, and give thy country peace.

"All this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage:
But who, my Friend! has reaſon in his rage?
"The ruling paſſion, be it what it will,
"The ruling paſſion, conquers reaſon ſtill."
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame
Than ev'n that paſſion if it has no aim;
For tho' ſuch motives Folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each paſſion ſends,
"And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
"Extremes in Nature equal good produce;
"Extremes in man concur to gen'ral uſe."
Aſk we what makes one keep and one beſtow?
That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeedtime, harveſt, equal courſe maintain
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain;
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore
Sees but a backward ſteward for the poor;
This year a reſervoir to keep and ſpare,
The next a fountain ſpouting thro' his heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.
Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:

What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought, and ſallads, bleſs'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than Bramins, ſaints, and ſages, did before:
To cram the rich was prodigal expenſe;
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like ſome lone chartreux ſtands the good old hall,
Silence without, and faſts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noontide bell invites the country round;
Tenants with ſighs the ſmokeleſs tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling ſteeds another way;
Benighted wanderers the foreſt o'er
Curſe the ſav'd candle and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt maſtiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his ſon; he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right:
(For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow is a taſk indeed!)
Yet ſure of qualities deſerving praiſe
More go to ruin fortunes than to raiſe.
What ſlaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'ſquire and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profuſion draws;
His oxen periſh in his country's cauſe;

'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great houſe which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Laſt, for his country's love, he ſells his lands.
To Town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold trainbands, and burns a pope:
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain! that pays her patriots with her ſpoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cauſe;
His thankleſs country leaves him to her laws.

The ſenſe to value Riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly nor ambitiouſly purſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance fortune by a juſt expenſe,
Join with economy magnificence;
With ſplendour charity, with plenty health,
Oh! teach us, Bathurſt! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare between th' extremes to move
Of mad good-nature and of mean ſelf-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd be bounty giv'n,
And eaſe or emulate the care of Heav'n;
(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd,
As poiſon heals in juſt proportion us'd:

In heaps, like ambergris, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd is incenſe to the Skies.
P. Who ſtarves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that truſts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
Whoſe table wit or modeſt merit ſhare
Unelbow'd by a gameſter, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies your's or Oxford's better part
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where'er he ſhines, oh, Fortune! gild the ſcene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There Engliſh bounty yet a while may ſtand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praiſes why ſhould lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt Muſe! and ſing The Man of Roſs:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon' mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The Man of Roſs," each liſping babe replies.

Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The Man of Roſs divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon' almshouſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans, bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? The Man of Roſs relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more:
Deſpairing quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an uſeleſs race.
B. Thrice happy Man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh! ſay what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children, clear,
This Man poſſeſs'd—five hundred pounds a-year.
Bluſh, Grandeur! bluſh; proud Courts! withdraw your blaze;
Ye little Stars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.
B. And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone,
His race, his form, his name, almoſt unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go! ſearch it there, where to be born and die
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough that virtue fill'd the ſpace between,
Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.

When Hopkins dies a thouſand lights attend
The wretch who living ſav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings wealth to life can lend!
And ſee what comfort it affords our end.
  In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleaſure and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and Love;
Or juſt as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic'd ſtateſmen and their merry king;
No wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more;
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends!
  His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) adviſ'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do when all I have is gone!"

Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler! was confess'd;
Arise and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall;
For very want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r;
For very want he could not pay a dow'r.
A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd;
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What! ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
  Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I 'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
  P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts the head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:

Conſtant at church and 'Change; his gains were ſure;
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The devil was piqu'd ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his father in the deep,
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhipwrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint and cracks his jokes.
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my lady's word;
And, lo! two puddings ſmok'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay
An honeſt factor ſtole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſixpence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church I'll now go twice—
"And am ſo clear too of all other vice!"
The Tempter ſaw his time, the work he ply'd;
Stocks and ſubſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
Till all the dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhow'r of *cent. per cent.*
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.

Behold, Sir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a bleſſing now was wit,
And God's good providence a lucky hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn;
His comptinghouſe employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church, ('t was ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the devil ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold and dy'd.
A nymph of quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite;
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
Firſt for his ſon a gay commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's ſenate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play; ſo bad her chance
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France:
The Houſe impeach him; Coningſby harangues;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

Of the uſe of Riches.

The Argument.

THE vanity of expenſe in people of wealth and quality. The abuſe of the word Taſte, v. 13. That the firſt principle and foundation in this, as in every thing elſe, is good ſenſe, v. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Inſtanced in architecture and gardening, where all muſt be adapted to the genius and uſe of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it, v. 50. How men are diſappointed in their moſt expenſive undertakings for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can pleaſe long, if at all; and the beſt examples and rules will be but perverted into ſomething burdenſome and ridiculous, v. 65, to 92. A deſcription of the falſe taſte of magnificence; the firſt grand error of which is to imagine that greatneſs conſiſts in the ſize and dimenſion, inſtead of the proportion and harmony, of the whole, v. 97; and the ſecond, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely reſembling, or, in the repetition of the ſame, too frequently, v. 105, *&c.* A word or two of falſe Taſte in books, in muſic, in painting, even in preaching and prayer; and, laſtly, in entertainments, v. 133, *&c.*: yet Providence is juſtified in giving wealth to be ſquandered in this manner, ſince it is diſperſed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, v. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the Firſt Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epiſtle preceding this, v. 159, *&c.*] What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expenſe of great men, v. 177, *&c.*; and, finally, the great and public works which become a prince, v. 191, to the end.

'TIS ſtrange the miſer ſhould his cares employ
To gain thoſe Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange the prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his pictures, muſic, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and deſigns,
For Pembroke ſtatues, dirty gods, and coins;

Rare monkiſh manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhow how many taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! ſportive Fate, to puniſh awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a guide:
A ſtanding ſermon at each year's expenſe,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!
You ſhow us Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of uſe;
Yet ſhall, my Lord, your juſt, your noble, rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools,
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain church with old theatric ſtate,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate;
Reverſe your ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd doghole ek'd with ends of wall,
Then clap four ſlices of pilaſter on 't,
That lac'd with bits of ruſtic makes a front:
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;

Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve they ſtarve by rules of art.
  Oft' have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expenſe,
And ſomething previous ev'n to taſte—'t is ſenſe;
Good ſenſe, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no ſcience, fairly worth the ſev'n;
A light which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
  To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To ſwell the terrace, or to ſink the grot,
In all let Nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor overdreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleaſingly confounds,
Surpriſes, varies, and conceals the bounds.
  Conſult the genius of the place in all,
That tells the waters or to riſe or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines,
Paints as you plant, and as you work deſigns.

Still follow ſenſe, of ev'ry art the ſoul,
Parts anſwering parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, ſtrike from Chance:
Nature ſhall join you; time ſhall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.
Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls,
And Nero's terraces deſert their walls:
The vaſt parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! Cobham comes and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain,
You 'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage ſet Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
His quincunx darkens, his eſpaliers meet,
The wood ſupports the plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of ſhade contends with ſtrength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them you! Villario can no more:
Tir'd of the ſcene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a field.
Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſat delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,
With annual joy the redd'ning ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet!

His ſon's fine taſte an op'ner viſta loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;
One boundleſs green or flouriſh'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe alleys they were born to ſhade.
At Timon's villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "What ſums are thrown away?"
So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs with Timon dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdingnag before your thought.
To compaſs this his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but muſt laugh the maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect ſhiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids ſquirt before; a lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call;
On ev'ry ſide you look behold the wall!
No pleaſing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to ſtatues, ſtatues thick as trees;

With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a ſummerhouſe that knows no ſhade;
Here Amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs,
There gladiators fight or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd ſee the drooping ſeahorſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty urn.
  My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure to be ſeen:
But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt thro' the length of yon' hot terrace ſweat;
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you 've dragg'd your thighs,
Juſt at his ſtudy-door he 'll bleſs your eyes.
  His ſtudy! with what authors is it ſtor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Sueïl has bound!
Lo, ſome are vellum, and the reſt as good,
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are wood!
For Locke or Milton 't is in vain to look;
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.
  And now the chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of muſic, broken and unev'n,
Make the ſoul dance upon a jig to heav'n.
On painted cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the ſaints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.

To reſt the cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
  But, hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-colour'd ſerpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, it 's a temple and a hecatomb;
A ſolemn ſacrifice perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying courſe, you 'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet wine, and God bleſs the King.
In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt and little ſkill,
And ſwear no day was ever paſt ſo ill.
  Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himſelf and to his infants bread
The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies
His charitable vanity ſupplies.
  Another age ſhall ſee the golden ear
Imbrown the ſlope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reaſſume the land.

Who then ſhall grace or who improve the ſoil?
Who plants like Bathurſt, or who builds like Boyle?
'Tis uſe alone that ſanctifies expenſe,
And ſplendour borrows all her rays from ſenſe.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad if he increaſe;
Whoſe cheerful tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the ſoil;
Whoſe ample lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing foreſts not for pride or ſhow,
But future buildings, future navies, grow;
Let his plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a country, and then raiſe a town.
You, too, proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God aſcend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject ſea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land:
Theſe honours Peace to happy Britain brings;
Theſe are imperial works, and worthy kings.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON.

[*Occaſioned by his Dialogues on Medals.*]

SEE the wild waſte of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples, ſpread!
The very tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with ſlaves the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her floods;
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of men ſcarce leſs alive than they!
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage:
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.
   Ambition ſigh'd; ſhe found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs column and the crumbling buſt;
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more:
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her triumphs ſhrink into a Coin.

A narrow orb each crowded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her palm here ſad Judea weeps.
Now ſcantier limits the proud arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
A ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, ſages, beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his ſchemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his ſhield was ſcour'd;
And Curio, reſtleſs by the fair-one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand again Rome's glories ſhine;
Her gods and godlike heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor bluſh theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh! when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living Medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the patriot's honeſt face,
There warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs;
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's, looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurell'd bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon:
Then ſhall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore another Pollio ſhine;
With aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
" Stateſman, yet friend to truth! of ſoul ſincere,
" In action faithful, and in honour clear;
" Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
" Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
" Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd unenvy'd by the Muſe he lov'd."

THE WIFE OF BATH

HER PROLOGUE.

FROM CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd Wife;
To dear-bought wiſdom give the credit due,
And think for once a woman tells you true.
In all theſe trials I have borne a part;
I was myſelf the ſcourge that caus'd the ſmart;
For ſince fifteen in triumph have I led
Five captive huſbands from the church to bed.
  Chriſt ſaw a wedding once, the Scripture ſays,
And ſaw but one, 't is thought, in all his days;
Whence ſome infer, whoſe conſcience is too nice,
No pious Chriſtian ought to marry twice.
  But let them read, and ſolve me if they can,
The words addreſs'd to the Samaritan;
Five times in lawful wedlock ſhe was join'd,
And ſure the certain ſtint was ne'er defin'd.
  "Increaſe and multiply" was Heav'n's command,
And that 's a text I clearly underſtand.
This too, "Let men their ſires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or elſe the wiſeſt of mankind 's bely'd.

I 've had myſelf full many a merry fit,
And truſt in Heav'n I may have many yet;
For when my tranſitory ſpouſe, unkind,
Shall die and leave his woful wife behind,
I 'll take the next good Chriſtian I can find.
  Paul, knowing one could never ſerve our turn,
Declar'd 't was better far to wed than burn.
There 's danger in aſſembling fire and tow;
I grant them that; and what it means you know.
The ſame apoſtle, too, has elſewhere own'd
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counſel—and we women ſtill
Take which we like, the counſel or our will.
  I envy not their bliſs if he or ſhe
Think fit to live in perfect chaſtity:
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I for a few ſlight ſpots am not ſo nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on theſe beſtows
One proper gift, another grants to thoſe:
Not ev'ry man 's oblig'd to ſell his ſtore,
And give up all his ſubſtance to the poor:
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But by your leaves, Divines! ſo am not I.
  Full many a ſaint, ſince firſt the world began,
Liv'd an unſpotted maid in ſpite of man:
Let ſuch (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honeſt wives eat barley bread.
For me, I 'll keep the poſt aſſign'd by Heav'n,
And uſe the copious talent it has giv'n:

Let my good ſpouſe pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
His proper body is not his but mine;
For ſo ſaid Pāul, and Paul's a ſound divine.
  Know then, of thoſe five huſbands I have had
Three were juſt tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich, and fond beſide,
And toil'd moſt piteouſly to pleaſe their bride;
But ſince their wealth (the beſt they had) was mine,
The reſt without much loſs I could reſign:
Sure to be lov'd I took no pains to pleaſe,
Yet had more pleaſure far than they had eaſe.
  Preſents flow'd in apace: with ſhow'rs of gold
They made their court, like Jupiter of old:
If I but ſmil'd a ſudden youth they found,
And a new palſy ſeiz'd them when I frown'd.
  Ye ſov'reign Wives! give ear, and underſtand,
Thus ſhall ye ſpeak, and exerciſe command;
For never was it giv'n to mortal man
To lie ſo boldly as we women can;
Forſwear the fact, tho' ſeen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witneſs how he lies.
  Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to ſay)
Whence is our neighbour's wife ſo rich and gay?
Treated, careſs'd, where'er ſhe 's pleas'd to roam—
I ſit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her houſe doſt thou ſo oft' repair?
Art thou ſo am'rous? and is ſhe ſo fair?

If I but ſee a couſin or a friend,
Lord! how you ſwell and rage like any fiend?
But you reel home, a drunken beaſtly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your eaſy chair;
Cry Wives are falſe, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that 's female to the devil.
  If poor, (you ſay) ſhe drains her huſband's purſe;
If rich, ſhe keeps her prieſt, or ſomething worſe;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns poſſeſs her brain;
Now gaily mad, now ſourly ſplenetic,
Freakiſh when well, and fretful when ſhe 's ſick:
If fair, then chaſte ſhe cannot long abide,
By preſſing youth attack'd on ev'ry ſide;
If foul, her wealth the luſty lover lures,
Or elſe her wit ſome fool-gallant procures,
Or elſe ſhe dances with becoming grace,
Or ſhape excuſes the defects of face.
There ſwims no gooſe ſo gray but ſoon or late
She finds ſome honeſt gander for her mate.
  Horſes (thou ſay'ſt) and aſſes men may try,
And ring ſuſpected veſſels ere they buy;
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtſhip, but in wedlock wake;
Then, nor till then, the veil 's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
  You tell me, to preſerve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes muſt always languiſh on my face,

Your tongue with conſtant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each ſentence with My life! my dear!
If by ſtrange chance a modeſt bluſh be rais'd,
Be ſure my fine complexion muſt be prais'd.
My garments always muſt be new and gay,
And feaſts ſtill kept upon my wedding-day.
Then muſt my nurſe be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid,
And endleſs treats and endleſs viſits paid
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies:
All this thou ſay'ſt, and all thou ſay'ſt are lies.
 On Jenkin, too, you caſt a ſquinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raiſe your jealouſy?
Freſh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burniſh'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy ſorrow,
I'd ſcorn your 'prentice ſhould you die to-morrow.
 Why are thy cheſts all lock'd? on what deſign?
Are not thy worldly goods and treaſure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor ſhall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourſelf alone.
One you ſhall quit in ſpite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the ſpies.
If you had wit, you'd ſay, "Go where you will,
"Dear ſpouſe! I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a marry'd life;
"I know thee for a virtuous faithful wife."
 Lord! when you have enough what need you care
How merrily ſoever others fare?

Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not ſufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a juſt and rational deſire
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
   There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modeſt that are gay.
The cat, if you but ſinge her tabby ſkin,
The chimney keeps, and ſits content within;
But once grown ſleek will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the ſun:
She licks her fair round face, and friſks abroad
To ſhow her fur, and to be caterwaul'd.
   Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my deſires
Theſe three right ancient venerable ſires.
I told 'em, Thus you ſay and thus you do;
I told 'em falſe, but Jenkin ſwore 't was true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And firſt complain'd whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft' with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs ſcarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
And ſwore the rambles that I took by night
Were all to ſpy what damſels they bedight:
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To ſpin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct and this prudent courſe,
By murm'ring, wheedling, ſtratagem, and force,

I ſtill prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a reſtleſs night.
If once my huſband's arm was o'er my ſide,
What! ſo familiar with your ſpouſe? I cry'd:
I levy'd firſt a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'t was a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will our ſex is to be ſold.
With empty hands no taſſels you can lure,
But fulſome love for gain we can endure:
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiſs, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces curſes oft' I mixt,
Then kiſs'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear diſpute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himſelf had ſat at table;
But when my point was gain'd then thus I ſpoke;
" Billy, my dear! how ſheepiſhly you look!
" Approach, my ſpouſe! and let me kiſs thy cheek;
" Thou ſhouldſt be always thus, reſign'd and meek.
" Of Job's great patience ſince ſo oft' you preach,
" Well ſhould you practice who ſo well can teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do I muſt allow,
" But I, my deareſt! will inſtruct you how.
" Great is the bleſſing of a prudent wife,
" Who puts a period to domeſtic ſtrife.

" One of us two muſt rule and one obey;
" And ſince in man right reaſon bears the ſway,
" Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
" The wives of all my family have rul'd
" Their tender huſbands, and their paſſions cool'd.
" Fy! 'tis unmanly thus to ſigh and groan:
" What! would you have me to yourſelf alone?
" Why, take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
" Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
" Would I vouchſafe to ſell what Nature gave
" You little think what cuſtom I could have.
" But ſee! I'm all your own——nay hold——for ſhame!
" What means my dear?--indeed--you are to blame."
Thus with my firſt three lords I paſs'd my life,
A very woman and a very wife.
What ſums from theſe old ſpouſes I could raiſe
Procur'd young huſbands in my riper days.
'Tho' paſt my bloom not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances ſtill I bore the bell,
And ſung as ſweet as ev'ning Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe and refreſh my ſoul
Full oft' I drain'd the ſpicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luſcious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the ſwelling veins to feats of love:
For 't is as ſure as cold engenders hail,
A liqu'riſh mouth muſt have a lech'rous tail;

Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gameſters by experience know.

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I caſt
On all the joys of youth and beauty paſt,
To find in pleaſures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conqueſts, all my charms, good night!
The flour conſum'd, the beſt that now I can
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear ſpouſe was not exceeding true;
He kept, 't was thought, a private miſs or two:
But all that ſcore I paid.—As how? you'll ſay;
Not with my body in a filthy way;
But I ſo dreſs'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend with eyes ſo very kind
As ſtung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage and frantic jealouſy.
His ſoul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft' when his ſhoe the moſt ſeverely wrung
He put on careleſs airs, and ſat and ſung.
How ſore I gall'd him only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd when laſt from pilgrimage I came,
With other goſſips, from Jeruſalem;
And now lies bury'd underneath a rood,
Fair to be ſeen, and rear'd of honeſt wood:

A tomb, indeed, with fewer ſculptures grac'd
Than that Mauſolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where enſhrin'd the great Darius lay;
But coſt on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bleſs the good man's ſoul! I ſay no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the laſt and beſt;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlaſting reſt!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can ſhew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet with a knack my heart he could have won,
While yet the ſmart was ſhooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we ſcorn, and love what coſts us pains:
Let men avoid us and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes proviſion cheap.
In pure good-will I took this jovial ſpark,
Of Oxford he, a moſt egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A truſty goſſip, one Dame Aliſon;
Full well the ſecrets of my ſoul ſhe knew,
Better than e'er our pariſh prieſt could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my huſband piſs'd againſt a wall,
Or done a thing that might have coſt his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what moſt he would conceal
To theſe I made no ſcruple to reveal.

Oft' has he bluſh'd from ear to ear for ſhame
That e'er he told a ſecret to his dame.
 It ſo befell, in holy time of Lent,
That oft' a-day I to this goſſip went;
(My huſband, thank my ſtars, was out of town)
From houſe to houſe we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myſelf, and my good neighbour Alſe,
To ſee, be ſeen, to tell, and gather tales.
Viſits to ev'ry church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy maſquerade;
The ſtations duly and the vigils kept,
Not much we faſted, but ſcarce ever ſlept.
At ſermons, too, I ſhone in ſcarlet gay;
The waſting moth ne'er ſpoil'd my beſt array;
The cauſe was this, I wore it ev'ry day.
 'Twas when freſh May her early bloſſoms yields
This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew ſo intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my huſband in his urn
That he, and only he, ſhould ſerve my turn.
We ſtraight ſtruck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I ſtill have ſhifts againſt a time of need.
The mouſe that always truſts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouſe of any ſoul.
 I vow'd I ſcarce could ſleep ſince firſt I knew him,
And durſt be ſworn he had bewitch'd me to him;

If e'er I ſlept I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have ſhown.
All this I ſaid; but dreams, ſirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus day by day and month by month we paſt;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my ſpouſe at laſt.
I tore my gown, I ſoil'd my locks with duſt,
And beat my breaſts, as wretched widows--muſt.
Before my face my handkerchief I ſpread
To hide the flood of tears I did—not ſhed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
Around the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn:
But as he march'd, good Gods! he ſhow'd a pair
Of legs and feet ſo clean, ſo ſtrong, ſo fair!
Of twenty winters' age he ſeem'd to be;
I (to ſay truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous ſtill, a lively buxom dame,
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
Aſſur'd me Mars in Taurus was my ſign.
As the ſtars order'd, ſuch my life has been:
Alas, alas! that ever love was ſin!
Fair Venus gave me fire and ſprightly grace,
And Mars aſſurance and a dauntleſs face.
By virtue of this pow'rful conſtellation
I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale. A month ſcarce paſs'd away,
With dance and ſong we kept the nuptial day.
All I poſſeſs'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, houſe, and land;
But oft' repented, and repent it ſtill;
He prov'd a rebel to my ſov'reign will:
Nay once, by Heav'n! he ſtruck me on the face.
Hear but the fact, and judge yourſelves the caſe.
Stubborn as any lioneſs was I,
And knew full well to raiſe my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be ſo in ſpite of all he ſwore.
He againſt this right ſagely would adviſe,
And old examples ſet before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And cloſe the ſermon, as beſeem'd his wit,
With ſome grave ſentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft' would he ſay, Who builds his houſe on ſands
Pricks his blind horſe acroſs the fallow lands;
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam
Deſerves a fool's cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not, for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults I hate him mortally;
And ſo do numbers more, I'll boldly ſay,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My ſpouſe (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatiſe oft' at ev'ning read,

Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound:
Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part;
Chryſippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïſa's Loves,
And many more than ſure the Church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives
Than good in all the Bible and Saints' Lives.
Who drew the lion vanquiſh'd? 'Twas a man;
But could we women write as ſcholars can,
Men ſhould ſtand mark'd with far more wickedneſs
Than all the ſons of Adam could redreſs.
Love ſeldom haunts the breaſt where learning lies,
And Venus ſets ere Mercury can riſe.
Thoſe play the ſcholars who can't play the men,
And uſe that weapon which they have, their pen:
When old, and paſt the reliſh of delight,
Then down they ſit, and in their dotage write
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpoſe now.)
It chanc'd my huſband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book aloud with ſtrange delight,
How the firſt female (as the Scriptures ſhow)
Brought her own ſpouſe and all his race to woe;
How Samſon fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd ſhirt, and ſet on fire;
How curs'd Eriphyle her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambuſh Clytemneſtra laid;

But what moſt pleas'd him was the Cretan dame
And huſband-bull—Oh, monſtrous! fy for ſhame!
He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft' ſhe ſcolded in a day he knew,
How many piſſpots on the ſage ſhe threw,
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head.
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he ſaid.
He read how Arius to his friend complain'd
A fatal tree was growing in his land
On which three wives ſucceſſively had twin'd
A ſliding nooſe, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant, reply'd the friend, oh! where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear:
Give me ſome ſlip of this moſt bliſsful tree,
And in my garden planted ſhall it be.
Then how two wives their lords' deſtruction prove,
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
That for her huſband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for luſt an am'rous philtre bought:
The nimble juice ſoon ſeiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How ſome with ſwords their ſleeping lords have [ſlain,
And ſome have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And ſome have drench'd them with a deadly potion:
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and ſwell'd, and bluſh'd, and [frown'd;
But when no end of theſe vile tales I found,

When ſtill he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus conſum'd in vain,
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my huſband in a fury roſe,
And down he ſettled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my ſide;
Oh! thou haſt ſlain me for my wealth, I cry'd:
Yet I forgive thee—take my laſt embrace—
He wept, kind ſoul! and ſtoop'd to kiſs my face:
I took him ſuch a box as turn'd him blue,
Then ſigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty ſtruggle paſt
I condeſcended to be pleas'd at laſt.
Soon as he ſaid, My miſtreſs and my wife!
Do what you liſt the term of all your life,
I took to heart the merits of the cauſe,
And ſtood content to rule by wholeſome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of abſolute command,
With all the government of houſe and land,
And empire o'er his tongue and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now Heav'n on all my huſbands gone beſtow
Pleaſures above for tortures felt below:
That reſt they wiſh'd for grant them in the grave,
And bleſs thoſe ſouls my conduct help'd to ſave.

STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

BOOK I.

[*Translated in the year 1703.*]

The Argument.

OEDIPUS king of Thebes having, by mistake, slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned his realm to his sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices, in the mean time, departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos, where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity: he relates to his guests the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus: he inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: the sacrifice is renewed, and the Book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.

FRATERNAS acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, sontesque evolvere Thebas,

O Goddeſs! ſay, ſhall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's ſtern decree,
And Cadmus ſearching round the ſpacious ſea?
How with the ſerpent's teeth he ſow'd the ſoil,
And reap'd an iron harveſt of his toil?
Or how from joining ſtones the city ſprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion ſung?
Or ſhall I Juno's hate to Thebes reſound,
Whoſe fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found?
The ſire againſt the ſon his arrows drew;
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a ſecond hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.

Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
Ire, deæ? gentiſne canam primordia diræ?
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreæ? ſcrutantemque æquora Cadmum?
Longo retro ſeries, trepidum ſi martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem prælia ſulcis
Expediam, penituſque ſequar quo carmine muris
Juſſerit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
Unde graves iræ cognata in mœnia Baccho
Quod ſævæ Junonis opus; cui ſumpſerit arcum
Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
Ionium, ſocio caſura Palæmone mater.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song
At Oedipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring Eagles sing;
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood, [blood;
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;
Or, long before, with early valour strove
In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name!
Oh! bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.

Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi
Præteriisse sinam: limes mihi carminis esto
Oedipodæ confusa domus: quando Itala nondum
Signa, nec arctoos ausim sperare triumphos,
Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum,
Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis
Bella Jovis. Tuque, O Latiæ, decus addite famæ,
Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis
Æternum sibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida cœli

What tho' the ſtars contract their heav'nly ſpace,
And crowd their ſhining ranks to yield thee place;
Tho' all the ſkies, ambitious of thy ſway,
Conſpire to court thee from our world away;
Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine;
Tho' Jove himſelf no leſs content would be
To part his throne and ſhare his heav'n with thee?
Yet ſtay, great Cæſar! and vouchſafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
Reſign to Jove his empire of the ſkies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities.
The time will come when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of Cæſar's fame;
Mean-while permit that my preluding Muſe
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuſe:
Of furious hate ſurviving death ſhe ſings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,

Pleïadum, Boreæque, et hiulci fulminis expers
Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frenator equorum
Ipſe tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter æqua
Parte poli; maneas hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terræque potens, et ſidera dones.
Tempus erit, cum pierio tua fortior œſtro
Facta canam: nunc tendo cheyln. ſatis arma referre
Aonia, et geminis ſceptrum exitiale tyrannis,

And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts
Of kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
In heaps his slaughter'd sons into the deep.
What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Nec furiis post fata modum, flammasque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumulisque carentia regum
Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes;
Cærula cum rubuit Lernæo sanguine Dirce,
Et Thetis arentes assuetum stringere ripas,
Horruit ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo.
Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum iræ
Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?
Urget et hostilem propellens cædibus amnem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
Arcados, atqui alio Capaneus horrore canendus,

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of ſight,
Led a long death in everlaſting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkneſs, and abhors the day,
The clear reflecting mind preſents his ſin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
And thouſand Furies haunt his guilty ſoul:
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying ſkies
Thoſe empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whoſe wounds, yet freſh, with bloody hands he ſtrook,
While from his breaſt theſe dreadful accents broke.
"Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty ſpirits feel eternal pain;

Impia jam merita ſcrutatus lumina dextra
Merſerat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Oedipodes, longaque animam ſub morte tenebat.
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imæque receſſu
Sedis, inaſpectos cœlo, radiiſque penates
Servantem, tamen aſſiduis circumvolat alis
Sæva dies animi, ſcelerumque in pectore diræ.
Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miſerabile vitæ
Supplicium, oſtentat cœlo, manibuſque cruentis
Pulſat inane ſolum, ſævaque ita voce precatur:
Dî ſontes animas, anguſtaque Tartara pœnis
Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,

Thou, ſable Styx! whoſe livid ſtreams are roll'd
Thro' dreary coaſts, which I tho' blind behold;
Tiſiphone! that oft' haſt heard my pray'r,
Aſſiſt, if Oedipus deſerve thy care.
If you receiv'd me from Jocaſta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of miſchiefs yet to come;
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day
When by the ſon the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
If I the Sphynx's riddles durſt explain,
Taught by thyſelf to win the promis'd reign;
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monſtrous mixture ſtain'd my mother's bed,

Quam video, multumque mihi conſueta vocari
Annue Tiſiphone, perverſaque vota ſecunda,
Si bene quid merui, ſi me de matre cadentem
Foviſti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
Firmâſti; ſi ſtagna petî Cyrrhæa bicorni
Interfuſa jugo, poſſem cum degere falſo
Contentus Polybo, triſidæque in Phocidos arce
Longævum implicui regem, ſecuique trementis
Ora ſenis, dum quæro patrem: ſi Sphingos iniquæ
Callidus ambages, te præmonſtrante, reſolvi;
Si dulces Furias, et lamentabile matris
Connubinm gaviſus inî; noctemque nefandam
Sæpe tuli, natoſque tibi (ſcis ipſa) paravi;

For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full luſt thoſe horrid joys renew'd;
Then, ſelf-condemn'd, to ſhades of endleſs night
Forc'd from theſe orbs the bleeding balls of ſight;
Oh, hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'ſt inſpire.
My ſons their old unhappy ſire deſpiſe,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideleſs I wander, unregarded mourn,
While theſe exalt their ſceptres o'er my urn;
Theſe ſons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride
Inſult my darkneſs and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And ſleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou Fury! then ſome laſting curſe entail,
Which o'er their children's children ſhall prevail;

Mox avidus pœnæ digitis cedentibus ultro
Incubui, miſeraque oculos in matre reliqui:
Exaudi, ſi digna precor, quæque ipſa furenti
Subjiceres: orbum viſu regniſque parentem
Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti
Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce ſuperbi
(Proh dolor!) et noſtro jamdudum funere reges,
Inſultant tenebris, gemituſque odere paternos.
Hiſne etiam funeſtus ego? et videt iſta deorum
Ignavus genitor? tu ſaltem debita vindex
Huc ades, et totos in pœnam ordire nepotes.

Place on their heads that crown diſtain'd with gore
Which theſe dire hands from my ſlain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curſes bear
Break all the bonds of Nature, and prepare
Their kindred ſouls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee,
Blind as I am, ſome glorious villany!
Soon ſhalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Couldſt thou ſome great proportion'd miſchief frame,
They'd prove the father from whoſe loins they came."
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her ſnakes unty'd ſulphureous waters drink;
But at the ſummons roll'd her eyes around,
And ſnatch'd the ſtarting ſerpents from the ground.
Not half ſo ſwiftly ſhoots along in air
The gliding lightning or deſcending ſtar.

Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votiſque inſtincta paternis
I media in fratres, generis conſortia ferro
Diſſiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
Quod cupiam vidiſſe nefas, nec tarda ſequetur
Mens juvenum; modo digna veni, mea pignora noſces.
Talia jactanti crudelis diva ſeveros
Advertit vultus; inamœnum forte ſedebat
Cocyton juxta, reſolutaque vertice crines,
Lambere ſulfureas permiſerat anguibus undas.
Ilicet igne Jovis, lapſiſque citatior aſtris

Thro' crowds of airy ſhades ſhe wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the ſilent night;
Swift as ſhe paſs'd the flitting ghoſts withdrew,
And the pale ſpectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tenarus ſhe flies,
There ſpreads her duſky pinions to the ſkies.
The day beheld, and, ſick'ning at the ſight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the ſhades of night.
Affrighted Atlas on the diſtant ſhore
Trembled, and ſhook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft ſhe ſprung, and ſteer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager ſpeed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell ſhe late forſook.
A hundred ſnakes her gloomy viſage ſhade,
A hundred ſerpents guard her horrid head;

Triſtibus exiliit ripis, diſcedit inane
Vulgus, et occurſus dominæ pavet; illa per umbras
Et caligantes, animarum exanime campos,
Tænariæ limen petit irremeabile portæ.
Senſit adeſſe dies; piceo nox obvia nimbo
Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas
Horruit, et dubia cœlum cervice remiſit.
Arripit extemplo Maleæ de valle reſurgens
Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas
Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centum illi ſtantes umbrabant ora ceraſtæ,

In her ſunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow;
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,
When lab'ring with ſtrong charms ſhe ſhoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the ſky.
Blood ſtain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue ſteaming poiſons, and a length of flame.
From ev'ry blaſt of her contagious breath
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues and death.
A robe obſcene was o'er her ſhoulders thrown,
A dreſs by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toſs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:
A ſerpent from her left was ſeen to rear
His flaming creſt and laſh the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her ſtand on high,
Where vaſt Cithæron's top ſalutes the ſky,

Turba minor diri capitis: ſedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phœbes
Atracea rubet arte labor: ſuffuſa veneno
Tenditur, ac ſanie gliſcit cutis: igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa ſitis, morbique, fameſque,
Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo
Palla et cærulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipſa novat Proſerpina cultus.
Tum geminas quatit illa manus: hæc igne rogali
Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.
Ut ſtetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithæron

A hiſs from all the ſnaky tire went round,
The dreadful ſignal all the rocks rebound,
And thro' th' Achaian cities ſend the ſound.
Oete, with high Parnaſſus, heard the voice,
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noiſe;
Again Leucothoë ſhook at theſe alarms,
And preſs'd Palæmon cloſer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury ſprings,
And o'er the Theban palace ſpreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and ſhrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race poſſeſt,
Stung to the ſoul the brothers ſtart from reſt,
And all their furies wake within their breaſt:

Occurrit cœlo, fera ſibila crine virenti
Congeminat, ſignum terris, unde omnis Achæi
Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna reſultant.
Audiit et medius cœli Parnaſſus et aſper
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obſtitit Iſthmos.
Ipſa ſuum genitrix, curvo Delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palæmona preſſit.
Atque ea Cadmæo præceps ubi limine primum
Conſtitit, aſſuetaque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum ſub pectore motus,
Gentileſque animos ſubiit furor, ægraque lætis,

Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate engender'd by ſuſpicious fears;
And ſacred thirſt of ſway, and all the ties
Of Nature broke, and royal perjuries;
And impotent deſire to reign alone,
That ſcorns the dull reverſion of a throne.
Each would the ſweets of ſov'reign rule devour,
While Diſcord waits upon divided pow'r.
As ſtubborn ſteers, by brawny ploughmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike diſdain with ſervile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked ſhare,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confuſion lay;
Such was the diſcord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

Invidia, atque parens odii metus; inde regendi
Sævus amor: ruptæque vices, juriſque ſecundi
Ambitus impatiens, et ſummo dulcius unum
Stare loco, ſociiſque comes diſcordia regnis.
Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola impoſito ſociare affectat aratro:
Illi indignantes quîs nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodoſos cervix deſcendit in armos,
In diverſa trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite ſulcos:
Haud ſecus indomitos præceps diſcordia fratres,

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a ſpecious way
To govern Thebes by their alternate ſway:
Unjuſt decree! while this enjoys the ſtate
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the ſhort monarch of a haſty year
Foreſees with anguiſh his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms reſtrain,
But ſcarce ſubſiſted to the ſecond reign.
Yet then no proud aſpiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with poliſh'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian ſtone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the ſleepleſs tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burniſh'd gold,
Nor ſilver vaſes took the forming mould;

Aſperat. alterni placuit ſub legibus anni
Exilio mutare ducem. ſic jure maligno
Fortunam tranſire jubent, ut ſceptra tenentem
Fœdere præcipiti ſemper novus angeret hæres.
Hæc inter fratres pietas erat; hæc mora pugnæ
Sola, nec in regem perduratura ſecundum.
Et nondum craſſo laquearia fulva metallo,
Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
Atria, congeſtos ſatis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum advigilantia ſomnis
Pila, nec alterna ferri ſtatione gementes

Nor gems on bowls emboſs'd were ſeen to ſhine,
Blaze on the brims, and ſparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the weſt adorn,
When the ſouth glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like theſe not all thoſe realms ſuffice,
Were all thoſe realms the guilty victor's prize!
  But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown;

Excubiæ, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis. ſed nuda poteſtas
Armavit fratres: pugna eſt de paupere regno.
Dumque uter anguſtæ ſqualentia jugera Dirces
Verteret, aut Tyrii ſolio non altus ovaret
Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, faſque, bonumque,
Et vitæ, mortiſque pudor. Quo tenditis iras,
Ah miſeri? quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eöo
Cardine, quem porta vergens proſpectat Ibera?
Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti? quid ſi Tyriæ Phrygiæve ſub unum
Convectentur opes? loca dira, arceſque nefandæ
Suffecere odio, furtiſque immanibus emptum eſt

What joys, oh, Tyrant! ſwell'd thy ſoul that day,
When all were ſlaves thou couldſt around ſurvey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And ſingly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile vulgar, ever diſcontent,
Their growing fears in ſecret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, tho' ſtill the ſlaves of ſtate,
And ſure the monarch whom they have to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And ſoftly curſe the tyrants whom they fear:
And one of thoſe who groan beneath the ſway
Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar ſpite,
With ſcandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd—"O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauſpicious reign?

Oedipodæ ſediſſe loco. Jam ſorte carebat
Dilatus Polynicis honos. quis tum tibi, ſæve,
Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum ſolus in aula
Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctoſque minores,
Et nuſquam par ſtare caput? Jam murmura ſerpunt
Plebis Echioniæ, tacitumque a principe vulgus
Diſſidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui mens humili læſiſſe veneno
Summa, nec impoſitos unquam cervice volenti
Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aſpera rebus
Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,

Muſt we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare
Each haughty maſter's yoke by turns to bear,
And ſtill to change whom chang'd we ſtill muſt fear?
Theſe now control a wretched people's fate,
Theſe can divide and theſe reverſe the ſtate:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more—O ſervile land,
Where exil'd tyrants ſtill by turns command!
Thou ſire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring haſt thou fix'd this fate
From the firſt birth of our unhappy ſtate,
When baniſh'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For loſt Europa ſearch'd the world in vain,
And fated in Bœotian fields to found
A riſing empire on a foreign ground,
Firſt rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers ſlain?

Alternoque jugo dubitantia ſubdere colla!
Partiti verſant populorum fata, manuque
Fortunam fecere levem. ſemperne viciſſim
Exulibus ſervire dabor? tibi, ſumme deorum,
Terrarumque ſator, ſociis hanc addere mentem
Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
Pondera, Carpathio juſſus ſale quærere Cadmus
Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros;
Fraternaſque acies fœtæ telluris hiatu,

What lofty looks th' unrivall'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What ſullen fury clouds his ſcornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his ſtate, deſcend, and ſerve again?
Yet who before more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the ſuppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne,
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we! a vile ſubmiſſive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and ſlaves in ev'ry reign!
  As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that the wav'ring ſails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling veſſel throw;

Augurium, ſeros dimiſit adusque nepotes?
Cernis ut erectum torva ſub fronte minetur
Sævior aſſurgens dempto conſorte poteſtas?
Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia faſtu?
Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior æqui,
Quid mirum? non ſolus erat. nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus caſus domino cuicunque parati.
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus
Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ.
Heu dubio ſuſpenſa metu, tolerandaque nullis

Thus on each ſide, alas! our tott'ring ſtate
Feels all the fury of reſiſtleſs fate,
And doubtful ſtill, and ſtill diſtracted ſtands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands."
And now th' almighty Father of the gods
Convenes a council in the bleſs'd abodes.
Far in the bright receſſes of the ſkies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a manſion lies,
Whence, far below, the gods at once ſurvey
The realms of riſing and declining day,
And all th'extended ſpace of earth, and air, and ſea.
Full in the midſt, and on a ſtarry throne,
The Majeſty of heav'n ſuperior ſhone:
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling ſpheres confeſs'd the god.
At Jove's aſſent the deities around
In ſolemn ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.

Aſpera ſors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur.
At Jovis imperiis rapidi ſuper atria cœli
Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo
Interiore polo. ſpatiis hinc omnia juxta
Primæque occiduæque domus, effuſa ſub omni
Terra atque unda die. mediis ſeſe arduus infert
Ipſe deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
Stellantique locat ſolio. nec protinus auſi
Cœlicolæ, veniam donec pater ipſe ſedendi
Tranquilla jubet eſſe manu. mox turba vagorum

Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Aſcend from hills, and plains, and ſhady bow'rs;
Thoſe from whoſe urns the rolling rivers flow,
And thoſe that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
Here all their rage and ev'n their murmurs ceaſe,
And ſacred ſilence reigns, and univerſal peace.
A ſhining ſynod of majeſtic gods
Gilds with new luſtre the divine abodes;
Heav'n ſeems improv'd with a ſuperior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his ſolemn ſilence broke,
The ſtill creation liſten'd while he ſpoke;
Each ſacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is fate.
"How long ſhall man the wrath of Heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the ſky?
Oh! race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!

Semideûm, et ſummis cognati nubibus amnes,
Et compreſſa metu ſervantes murmura venti,
Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum
Majeſtate tremunt: radiant majore ſereno
Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine poſtes.
Poſtquam juſſa quies, ſiluitque exterritus orbis,
Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile ſanctis
Pondus adeſt verbis, et vocem fata ſequuntur.)
Terrarum delicta, nec exſuperabile diris
Ingenium mortale queror. quonam uſque nocentum

This weary'd arm can ſcarce the bolt ſuſtain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his taſk retires,
Th' Æolian forge exhauſted of its fires.
For this I ſuffer'd Phœbus' ſteeds to ſtray,
And the mad ruler to miſguide the day,
When the wide earth to heaps of aſhes turn'd,
And heav'n itſelf the wand'ring chariot burn'd:
For this my brother of the wat'ry reign
Releas'd th' impetuous ſluices of the main;
But flames conſum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;
To puniſh theſe ſee Jove himſelf deſcend.
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perſeus thoſe of Argive race.

Exigar in pœnas? tædet ſævire coruſco
Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operoſa fatiſcunt
Brachia, et Æoliis deſunt incudibus ignes.
Atque ideo tuleram falſo rectore ſalutos
Solis equos, cœlumque rotis errantibus uri,
Et Phaëtontæa mundum ſquallere favilla.
Nil actum eſt: neque tu valida quod cuſpide late
Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dediſti.
Nunc geminas punire domos, quîs ſanguinis autor
Ipſe ego deſcendo. Perſeos alter in Argos
Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
Mens cunctis impôſta manet. Quis funera Cadmi

Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long ſeries of ſucceeding woe?
How oft' the Furies from the deeps of night
Aroſe, and mix'd with men in mortal fight;
Th' exulting mother ſtain'd with filial blood,
The ſavage hunter and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why ſhould I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
Ere I recount the ſins of theſe profane
The ſun would ſink into the weſtern main,
And, riſing, gild the radiant eaſt again.
Have we not ſeen (the blood of Laius ſhed)
The murd'ring ſon aſcend his parent's bed,
Thro' violated nature force his way,
And ſtain the ſacred womb were once he lay?
Yet now in darkneſs and deſpair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;

Neſciat? et toties excitam a ſedibus imis
Eumenidum bellâſſe aciem? mala gaudia matrum,
Erroreſque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
Crimina? vix lucis ſpatio, vix noctis abactæ
Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius hæres
Patris, et immeritæ gremium inceſtare parentis
Apetiit, proprios monſtro revolutus in ortus.
Ille tamen ſuperis æterna piacula ſolvit,
Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius æthere noſtro

His ſons with ſcorn their eyeleſs father view,
Inſult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curſe, oh, Oedipus! juſt Heav'n alarms,
And ſets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waſte of war.
Adraſtus ſoon, with gods averſe, ſhall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence ſtrife ſhall riſe, and mortal war ſucceed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus ſhall bleed:
Fix'd is their doom. This all-rememb'ring breaſt
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feaſt."
 He ſaid; and thus the queen of Heav'n return'd;
(With ſudden grief her lab'ring boſom burn'd)

Veſcitur: at nati (facinus ſine more!) cadentes
Calcavere oculos. jam jam rara vota tuliſti,
Dire ſenex; meruere tuæ, meruere tenebræ
Ultorem ſperare Jovem. nova ſontibus arma
Injiciam regnis, totumque a ſtirpe revellam
Exitiale genus. belli mihi ſemina ſunto
Adraſtus ſocer, et ſuperis adjuncta ſiniſtris
Connubia. Hanc etiam pœnis inceſſere gentem
Decretum: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
Tantalus, et ſævæ periit injuria menſæ.
 Sic pater omnipotens. Aſt illi ſaucia dictis,
Flammato verſans inopinum corde dolorem,
Talia Juno refert; Mene, O juſtiſſime divûm,

"Muſt I, whoſe cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend,
Muſt I, oh, Jove! in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'ſt thoſe regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus ſlept and bled;
Tho' there the brazen tow'r was ſtorm'd of old,
When Jove deſcended in almighty gold;
Yet I can pardon thoſe obſcurer rapes,
Thoſe baſhful crimes diſguis'd in borrow'd ſhapes;
But Thebes, where, ſhining in celeſtial charms,
Thou cam'ſt triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were ſpread,
And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deſerves may prove---
Ah! why ſhould Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet ſince thou wilt thy ſiſter-queen control,
Since ſtill the luſt of diſcord fires thy ſoul,

Me bello certare jubes? ſcis ſemper ut arces
Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
Sceptra viris, opibuſque juvem; licet improbus illic
Cuſtodem Phariæ, ſomno letoque juvencæ
Extinguas, ſeptis et turribus aureus intres.
Mentitis ignoſco toris: illam odimus urbem,
Quam vultu confeſſus adis: ubi conſcia magni
Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
Facta luant Thebæ: cur hoſtis eligis Argos?
Quin age, ſi tanta eſt thalami diſcordia ſancti,

Go, raiſe my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the duſt the Spartan wall;
Nor more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eaſtern incenſe ſmoke,
Nor victims ſink beneath the ſacred ſtroke;
But to your Iſis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples ſmoke for her;
For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel ſound.
But if thou muſt reform the ſtubborn times,
Avenging on the ſons the fathers' crimes,
And from the long records of diſtant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove deſign'd
To date his vengeance? to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where firſt Alpheus hides
His wand'ring ſtream, and thro' the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.

Et Samon, et veteres armis exſcinde Mycenas.
Verte ſolo Sparten. cur uſquam ſanguine feſto
Conjugis ara tuæ, cumulo cur thuris Eoï
Læta calet? melius votis Mareotica fumat
Coptos, et æriſoni lugentia flumina Nili.
Quod ſi priſca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
Subvenitque tuis fera hæc ſententia curis;
Percenſere ævi ſenium, quo tempore tandem
Terrarum furias abolere, et ſecula retro

Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whoſe impious rites diſgrace thy mighty name;
Who raiſe thy temples where the chariot ſtood
Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his ſteeds their ſavage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can thoſe honours pleaſe? and canſt thou love
Preſumptuous Crete, that boaſts the tomb of Jove?
And ſhall not Tantalus's kingdoms ſhare
Thy wife and ſiſter's tutelary care?
Reverſe, O Jove! thy too ſevere decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barb'rous kings impoſe
Thy plagues, and curſe 'em with ſuch ſons as thoſe."

Emendare ſat eſt? jamdudum ab ſedibus illis
Incipe, fluctivaga qua prætcrlabitur unda
Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
Arcadis hic tua (nec pudor eſt) delubra nefaſtis
Impoſuere locis: illic Mavortius axis
Oenomaï, Geticoque pecus ſtabulare ſub Æmo
Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
Relliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi
Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes
Creta tuos. me Tantaleis conſiſtere tectis,
Quæ tandem invidia eſt? belli deflecte tumultus,
Et generis miſereſce tui. ſunt impia late
Regna tibi, melius generos paſſura nocentes.

Thus in reproach and pray'r the queen expreſt
The rage and grief contending in her breaſt;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the ſky,
And from his throne return'd this ſtern reply:
"'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty ſoul would bear
The dire tho' juſt revenge which I prepare
Againſt a nation thy peculiar care:
No leſs Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus leſs his native town defend;
Yet theſe in ſilence ſee the Fates fulfil
Their work, and rev'rence our ſuperior will:
For by the black infernal Styx I ſwear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no perſuaſion move.
Haſte then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air,
Go, mount the winds, and to the ſhades repair;

Finierat miſcens precibus convicia Juno:
At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aſpera, motus
Reddidit hæc; Equidem haud rebar te mente ſecunda
Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet æquus) in Argos
Conſulerem, neque me (detur ſi copia) fallit
Multa ſuper Thebis Bacchum, auſuramque Dionem
Dicere, ſed noſtri reverentia ponderis obſtat.
Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia æquora fratris
Obteſtor, manſurum et non revocabile verum,
Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales

Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whoſe ghoſt yet ſhiv'ring on Cocytus' ſand
Expects its paſſage to the farther ſtrand:
Let the pale ſire reviſit Thebes, and bear
Theſe pleaſing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exil'd brother, ſwell'd with pride
Of foreign forces and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cauſe of more than mortal hate;
The reſt ſucceeding times ſhall ripen into fate."
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Thoſe golden wings that cut the yielding ſkies:

Portantes præcede Notos Cyllenia proles:
Aëra per liquidum, regniſque illapſus opacis
Dic patruo, Superas ſenior ſe tollat ad auras
Laïus, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum
Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi
Lege Erebi: ferat hæc diro mea juſſa nepoti:
Germanum exilio fretum, Argoliciſque tumentem
Hoſpitiis, quod ſponte cupit, procul impius aula
Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:
Hinc cauſæ irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.
Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,
Obnubitque comas, et temperat aſtra galero.

His ample hat his beamy locks o'erſpread,
And veil'd the ſtarry glories of his head.
He ſeiz'd the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coaſts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghoſts.
Thus thro' the parting clouds the ſon of May
Wings on the whiſtling winds his rapid way;
Now ſmoothly ſteers thro' air his equal flight,
Now ſprings aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the ſteep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the ſkies.
  Mean-time the baniſh'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily viſion, and his dream by night;

Tum dextræ virgam inſeruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut ſuadere iterum ſomnos, qua nigra ſubire
Tartara, et exangues animare aſſueverat umbras.
Deſiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.
Nec mora, ſublimes raptim per inani volatus
Carpit, et ingenti deſignat nubila gyro.
  Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Oedipodionides furto deſerta pererrat
Aoniæ. jam jamque animis male debita regna
Concipit, et longum ſignis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. tenet una dies noctesque recurſans

Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he ſees his abſent brother fly,
With tranſport views the airy rule his own,
And ſwells on an imaginary throne;
Fain would he caſt a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day:
He chides the lazy progreſs of the ſun,
And bids the year with ſwifter motion run:
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toſt,
And all his joys in length of wiſhes loſt.
  The hero then reſolves his courſe to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs aſcend,
(Where late the ſun did Atreus' crimes deteſt,
And diſappear'd in horror of the feaſt.)
And now by Chance, by Fate, or Furies, led,
From Bacchus' conſecrated caves he fled,

Cura virum, ſi quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, et ſemet Thebis, opibuſque potitum,
Cerneret: hac ævum cupiat pro luce paciſci
Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugæ diſpendia: ſed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, et ſediſſe ſuperbum
Dejecto ſe fratre putat. ſpes anxia mentem
Extrahit, et longo conſumit gaudia voto.
Tunc ſedet Inachias urbes, Danaëque arva,
Et caligantes abrupto ſole Mycenas,
Ferre iter impavidum. ſeu prævia ducit Erinnys,

Where the ſhrill cries of frantic matrons ſound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the riſing ground,
Then ſees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Niſus' realm repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs;
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent ſhores;
Paſſes the ſtrait that parts the foaming ſeas,
And ſtately Corinth's pleaſing ſite ſurveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to Night,
And riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver light;
Wide o'er the world in ſolemn pomp ſhe drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew:

Seu fors illa viæ ſive hac immota vocabat
Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deſerit, et pingues Baccheo ſanguine colles.
Inde plagam, qua molle ſedens in plana Cithæron
Porrigitur, laſſumque inclinat ad æquora montem,
Præterit. hinc arcte ſcopuloſo in limite pendens,
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæque rura
Purpureo regnata ſeni, mitemque Corinthon
Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.
Jamque per emeriti ſurgens confinia Phœbi
Titanis, late mundo ſubvecta ſilenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
Jam pecudes volucreſque tacent; jam Somnus avaris

All birds and beafts lie hufh'd; Sleep fteals away
The wild defires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, defcending thro' the filent air, 480
A fweet forgetfulnefs of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promife the fkies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the diftant light
Streak withlong gleams the fcatt'ring fhades of night:
From the damp earth impervious vapours rife, 486
Increafe the darknefs, and involve the fkies.
At once the rufhing winds with roaring found
Burft from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490
And win by turns the kingdom of the fky:
But with a thicker night black Aufter fhrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,

Inferpit curis, pronufque per aëra nutat, 480
Grata laboratæ referens oblivia vitæ.
Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila cœlo
Promifere jubar, nec rarefcentibus umbris
Longa repercuffo nituere crepufcula Phœbo.
Denfior a terris, et nulli pervia flammæ 486
Subtexit nox atra polos. jam clauftra rigentis
Æoliæ percuffa fonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hiems; venti tranfverfa frementes
Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt, 490
Dum cœlum fibi quifque rapit. fed plurimus Aufter

From whoſe dark womb a rattling tempeſt pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily ſhow'rs:
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flaſh from ev'ry cloud.
Now ſmokes with ſhow'rs the miſty mountain ground,
And floated fields lie undiſtinguiſh'd round:
Th' Inachian ſtreams with headlong fury run,
And Eraſinus rolls a deluge on;
The foaming Lerna ſwells above its bounds,
And ſpreads its ancient poiſons o'er the grounds:
Where late was duſt, now rapid torrents play,
Ruſh thro' the mounds, and bear the dams away:
Old limbs of trees, from crackling foreſts torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:

Inglomerat noctem, et tenebroſa volumina torquet,
Defunditque imbres, ſicco quos aſper hiatu
Perſolidat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiſcunt
Fulgura, et atritus ſubita face rumpitur æther.
Jam Nemea, jam Tænareis contermina lucis
Arcadiæ capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto
Inachus, et gelidas ſurgens Eraſinus ad Arctos.
Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullæ.
Aggeribus tenuere moræ, ſtagnoque refuſa eſt
Funditus. et veteri ſpumavit Lerna veneno.
Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellæ
Brachia ſylvarum, nulliſque aſpecta per ævum
Solibus umbroſi patuere æſtiva Lycæi.

The ſtorm the dark Lycæan groves diſplay'd,
And firſt to light expos'd the ſacred ſhade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the burſting ſky,
Sees yawning rocks in maſſy fragments fly,
And views aſtoniſh'd, from the hills afar,
The floods deſcending, and the wat'ry war
That, driv'n by ſtorms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houſes, to the main.
Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a ſailor on the ſtormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a ſtar its friendly luſtre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;

Ille tamen modo ſaxa jugis fugientia ruptis
Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
Aure pavens, paſſimque inſano turbine raptas
Paſtorum pecorumque domos. non ſegnius amens,
Incertuſque viæ, per nigra ſilentia, vaſtum
Haurit iter: pulſat metus undique, et undique frater.
Ac velut hiberno deprenſus navita ponto,
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico ſidere monſtrat
Luna vias, medio cœli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut ſaxa malignis
Expectat ſubmerſa vadis, aut vertice acuto

He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
  Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd,
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd;
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey;
Till he beheld where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise.
He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;

Spumantes scopulos erectæ incurrere proræ:
Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeïus heros
Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat stimulos animo vis mœsta timoris.
Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis
Emicuit lucem devexa in mœnia fundens
Larissæus apex. illò spe concitus omni
Evolat. hinc celsæ Junonia templa Prosymnæ
Lævus habet, hinc herculeo signata vapore
Lernæi stagna atra vadi. tandemque reclusis
Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit
Vestibula. hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes
Projicit, ignotæque acclinis postibus aulæ

On the cold marble, ſpent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleaſing ſlumbers ſeal his eyes.
  Adraſtus here his happy people ſways,
Bleſs'd with calm peace in his declining days:
By both his parents of deſcent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wiſhes with a ſon,
But two fair daughters heir'd his ſtate and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of Fate?)
Had ſung—"Expect thy ſons on Argos' ſhore,
"A yellow lion and a briſtly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breaſt,
Sat heavy on his heart, and broke his reſt;
This, great Amphiaraus! lay hid from thee,
Tho' ſkill'd in fate and dark futurity.

Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia ſomnos.
  Rex ibi tranquillæ medio de limite vitæ
In ſenium vergens populos Adraſtus habebat
Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de ſanguine ducens.
Hic ſexûs melioris inops, ſed prole virebat
Fœminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
Cui Phœbus generos (monſtrum exitiabile dictu!
Mox adaperta fides) ævo ducente canebat
Setigerumque ſuem, et fulvum adventare leonem.
Hæc volvens, non, ipſe pater, non docte futuri
Amphiaraë, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.

The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting god ordain.
Lo, hapleſs Tydeus! whoſe ill-fated hand
Had ſlain his brother, leaves his native land,
And, ſeiz'd with horror in the ſhades of night,
Thro' the thick deſerts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempeſt driv'n,
He ſeeks a ſhelter from th' inclement heav'n,
Till, led by Fate, the Theban's ſteps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open courts ſucceeds.
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands reſort
T' Adraſtus' realms and hoſpitable court,
The king ſurveys his gueſts with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with ſurpriſe.
A lion's yellow ſkin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;

Tantum in corde ſedens ægreſcit cura parentis.
Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens
Olenius Tydeus (fraterni ſanguinis illum
Conſcius horror agit) eadem ſub nocte ſopora
Luſtra terit, ſimileſque Notos dequeſtus et imbres,
Infuſam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis
Ora, comaſque gerens, ſubit uno tegmine, cujus
Fuſus humo gelida, partem prior hoſpes habebat.—

Hic primum luſtrare oculis, cultuſque virorum
Telaque magna vacat; tergo videt hujus inanem

Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful ſpoils.
A boar's ſtiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly ſhoulders overſpread;
Oblique his tuſks, erect his briſtles ſtood,
Alive the pride and terror of the wood.
  Struck with the ſight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The king th' accompliſh'd oracle ſurveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead and his future ſons:
O'er all his boſom ſecret tranſports reign,
And a glad horror ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein:
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his ſight,
And thus invokes the ſilent queen of Night.
  "Goddeſs of ſhades! beneath whoſe gloomy reign
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train;

Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
Illius in ſpeciem, quem per Theumeſia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis
Ante Cleonæi veſtitur prælia monſtri.
Terribiles contra ſetis, ac dente recurvo
Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviæ, Calydonis honos. ſtupet omine tanto
Defixus ſenior, divina oraculo Phœbi
Agnoſcens, monituſque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtutu gelida ora premit, lætuſque per artus
Horror iit. ſenſit manifeſto numine ductos
Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo

You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
Till nature, quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day:
Oh! thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;
The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.
Hail! faithful Tripos! hail! ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus; I confeſs the gods!"

Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
Ediderat. tunc ſic tendens ad ſidera palmas:
Nox, quæ terrarum cœlique amplexa labores
Ignea multivago tranſmittis ſidera lapſu,
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus ægris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
Tu mihi perplexis quæſitam erroribus ultro
Advehis alma fidem, veteriſque exordia fati
Detegis. aſſiſtas operi, tuaque omina firmes!
Semper honoratam dimenſis orbibus anni
Te domus iſta colet: nigri tibi, Diva, litabunt
Electa fervice greges, luſtraliaque exta
Lacte nova perfuſus edet vulcanius ignis.
Salve, priſca fides tripodum, obſcurique receſſus;

Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd,
Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe,
And duſt yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former ſacrifice.
The king once more the ſolemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feaſts and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noiſy care and various tumult ſound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This ſlave the floor and that the table ſpreads;
A third diſpels the darkneſs of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in caniſters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fly.

Deprendi, fortuna, deos. ſic fatus; et ambos
Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulæ
Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes,
Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina ſacri
Servabant; adolere focos, epulaſque recentes
Inſtaurare jubet. dictis parere miniſtri
Certatim accelerant. vario ſtrepit icta tumultu
Regia: pars oſtro tenues, auroque ſonantes
Emunire toros, altoſque inferre tapetas:
Pars teretes levare manu, ac diſponere menſas:
Aſt alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem
Agreſſi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.

Sublime in regal ſtate Adraſtus ſhone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely gueſt;
Around, at awful diſtance, wait the reſt.
 And now the king, his royal feaſt to grace,
Aceſtis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modeſt grace maintain'd;
Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the cloſe apartments of the night
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright,
Such was Diana's, ſuch Minerva's, face,
Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,

His labor inſerto terrore exanguia ferro
Viſcera cæſarum pecudum: his, cumulare caniſtris
Perdomitam ſaxo Cererem. lætatur Adraſtus
Obſequio fervere domum. jamque ipſe ſuperbis
Fulgebat ſtratis, ſolioque effultus eburno.
Parte alia juvenes ſiccati vulnera lymphis
Diſcumbunt: ſimul ora notis fœdata tuentur,
Inque vicem ignoſcunt. tunc rex longævus Aceſten
(Natarum hæc altrix, eadem et fidiſſima cuſtos
Lecta ſacrum juſtæ Veneri occultare pudorem)
Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
Nec mora præceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egreſſæ thalamo (mirabile viſu)

But that in theſe a milder charm endears,
And leſs of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes firſt they caſt their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing bluſhes riſe;
Their downcaſt looks a decent ſhame confeſt,
Then on their father's rev'rend features reſt.
  The banquet done, the monarch gives the ſign
To fill the goblet high with ſparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in ſacred rites of old,
With ſculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perſeus flies,
Meduſa ſeems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as ſhe dies:
There from the chaſe Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the ſtars:

Pallados armiſonæ, pharetratæque ora Dianæ
Æqua ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori
Viſa virûm facies: pariter, pallòrque, ruborque
Purpureas hauſere genas: oculique verentes
Ad ſanctum rediere patrem. Poſtquam ordine menſæ
Victa fames, ſignis perfectam auroque nitentem
Iäſides pateram famulos ex more popoſcit,
Qua Danaüs libare deis ſeniorque Phoroneus
Aſſueti. tenet hæc operum cælata figuras:
Aureus anguicomam præſecto Gorgona collo
Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita viſus) in auras
Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora

Still as he riſes in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains leſſen to his ſight;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze;
And the ſwift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſhade, and bark againſt the ſkies.
This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd.
The firſt libation ſprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celeſtial pow'r they call;
With Phœbus' name reſounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,
Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands dreſt,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in num'rous hymns of praiſe.
Then thus the king: "Perhaps, my noble gueſts!
Theſe honour'd altars, and theſe annual feaſts

Pene movet, vivoque etiam palleſcit in auro.
Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis:
Gargara deſidunt ſurgenti, et Troja recedit.
Stant mœſti comites, fruſtraque ſonantia laxant
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.
Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
Cœlicolas: Phœbum ante alios, Phœbum omnis ad aras
Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus; cui feſta dies, largoque refecti
Thure vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes.

To bright Apollo's awful name deſign'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cauſe: our old ſolemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition riſe;
But ſav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
Theſe grateful honours to the god of Day.
When by a thouſand darts the Python ſlain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Caſtalia's ſtreams he hung,
And ſuck'd new poiſons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god reſorts,
And enters old Crotopos' humble courts.

Forſitan, O juvenes, quæ ſint ea ſacra, quibuſque
Præcipuum cauſis Phœbi obteſtemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inſcia ſuaſit
Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim
Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
Poſtquam cœrulei ſinuoſa volumina monſtri,
Terrigenam Pythona, deus ſeptem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, ſquamiſque annoſa terentem
Robora; Caſtaliis dum fontibus ore triſulco
Fuſus hiat, nigro ſitiens alimenta veneno,
Perculit, abſumptis numeroſa in vulnera telis,
Cyrrhæique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum; nova deinde piacula cædi
Perquirens, noſtri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
Attigit. huic primis et pubem ineuntibus annis,

This rural prince one only daughter bleſs'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth poſſeſs'd;
Fair was her face, and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin ſweetneſs join'd:
Happy! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,
Were ſhe leſs beautiful, or leſs belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry ſide
Of Nemea's ſtream the yielding fair enjoy'd.
Now ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illuſtrious offspring of the god was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the ſylvan ſhade;
To woods and wilds the pleaſing burden bears,
And truſts her infant to a ſhepherd's cares.
How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah! how unworthy thoſe of race divine!

Mira decore pio, ſervabat nata penates
Intemerata toris. felix, ſi Delia nunquam
Furta, nec occultum Phœbo ſociaſſet amorem.
Namque ut paſſa deum Nemeæi ad fluminis undam,
Bis quinos plena cum fronte reſumeret orbes
Cynthia, ſidereum Latonæ fœta nepotem
Edidit: ac pœnæ metuens (neque enim ille coactis
Donaſſet thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
Eligit: ac natum ſepta inter ovilia furtim
Montivago pecoris cuſtodi mandat alendum.
Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti

On flow'ry herbs in ſome green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the ſhade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude ſwain his rural muſic tries,
To call ſoft ſlumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in thoſe obſcure abodes to live
Was more, alas! than cruel Fate would give;
For on the graſſy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freſhneſs of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpleſs infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;
With loud complaints ſhe fills the yielding air,
And beats her breaſt, and rends her flowing hair;

Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
Texta domus: clauſa arbutei ſub cortice libri
Membra tepent, ſuadetque leves cava fiſtula ſomnos,
Et pecori commune ſolum. ſed fata nec illum
Conceſſere larem: viridi nam ceſpite terræ
Projectum temere, et patulo cœlum ore trahentem,
Dira canum rabies morſu depaſta cruento
Disjicit. hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
Matris adit, pulſi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
Et metus. ipſa ultro ſævis plangoribus amens
Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus
Occurrit confeſſa patri. nec motus, at atro

Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.
But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late,
The raging god prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by Furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on her crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
But gen'rous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus! fam'd for virtue as for arms;

Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.
Sero memor thalami, mœstæ solatia morti,
Phœbe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis: cui virginis ora
Pectoraque, æternum stridens a vertice surgit
Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis:
Hæc tam dira lues nocturno squalida passu
Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis, morsuque cruento
Devesci et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.
Haud tulit armorum præstans animique Chorœbus;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi

Some few like him, inſpir'd with martial flame,
Thought a ſhort life well loſt for endleſs fame.
Theſe, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monſter from afar deſcry'd,
Two bleeding babes depending at her ſide;
Whoſe panting vitals, warm with life, ſhe draws,
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.
The youths ſurround her with extended ſpears,
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears;
Deep in her breaſt he plung'd his ſhining ſword,
And hell's dire monſter back to hell reſtor'd.
Th' Inachians view the ſlain with vaſt ſurpriſe,
Her twiſting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her ſpotted breaſt and gaping womb imbru'd
With livid poiſon and our children's blood.

Famam poſthabita faciles extendere vita,
Obtulit. illa novas ibat populata penates
Portarum in bivio, lateri duo corpora parvûm
Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus hæret,
Ferratique ungues tenero ſub corde tepeſcunt.
Obvius huic latus omne virûm ſtipante coronâ,
It juvenis, ferrumque ingens ſub pectore diro
Condidit; atque imas animæ mucrone coruſco
Scrutatus latebras, tandem ſua monſtra profundo
Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et viſere juxta
Liventes in morte oculos, uterique neſandam
Proluviem, et craſſo ſqualentia pectora tabo,

The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:

Qua nostræ cecidere animæ. stupet Inacha pubes,
Magnaque post lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.
Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,
Proterere exanimes artus, asprosque molares
Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere potestas.
Illum et nocturno circum stridore volantes
Impastæ fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
Oraque sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiasse luporum.
Sævior in miseros fatis ultricis ademptæ
Delius insurgit, summaque biverticis umbra
Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo
Pestifera arma jacit, camposque, et celsa Cyclopum
Tecta, superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
Labuntur dulces animæ: Mors fila sororum

And now a thouſand lives together fled,
Death with his ſithe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
  But Phœbus, aſk'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blaſts the ſickly year?
Demands their lives by whom his monſter fell
And dooms a dreadful ſacrifice to hell.
  Bleſs'd be thy duſt, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preſerve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In ſuch a cauſe diſdain'd thy life to ſave,
But view'd the ſhrine with a ſuperior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus beſpoke:
  "With piety, the ſoul's ſecureſt guard,
And conſcious virtue, ſtill its own reward,

Enſe metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.
  Quærenti quæ cauſa duci, quis ab æthere lævus
Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum!
Idem autor Pæan rurſus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monſtro juvenes, qui cæde potiti.
  Fortunate animi, longumque in ſæcula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Occulis, aut certæ trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhæi in limine templi
Conſtitit, et ſacras ita vocibus aſperat iras:
  Non miſſus, Thymbræe, tuos ſupplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, et conſcia virtus

Willing I come, unknowing how to fear,
Nor ſhalt thou, Phœbus, find a ſuppliant here:
Thy monſter's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to diſown.
Behold him here for whom ſo many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy ſullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by peſtilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human-kind
From gods above no more compaſſion find;
If ſuch inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
Yet why muſt unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky ſteel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, ſince I deſerve it all,
Unleſs our deſert cities pleaſe thy ſight,
Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.

Impegere vias. ego ſum qui cæde ſubegi, 759
Phœbe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,
Et ſqualente die, nigra quem tabe ſiniſtri
Quæris, inique, poli. quod ſi monſtra effera magnis
Cara adeo ſuperis, jacturaque vilior orbis, 766
Mors hominum, et ſævo tanta inclementio cœlo eſt;
Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divûm optime, ſolum
Objeciſſe caput fatis præſtabit, an illud 771
Nunc magis cordi, quod deſolata domorum
Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis

Diſcharge thy ſhafts, this ready boſom rend,
And to the ſhades a ghoſt triumphant ſend;
But for my country let my fate atone;
Be mine the vengeance as the crime my own."
   Merit diſtreſs'd impartial Heav'n relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful pow'r that glow'd with rage
With ſuch amazing virtue durſt engage.
The clouds diſpers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring god th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we theſe altars in his temple raiſe,
And offer annual honours, feaſts, and praiſe:
Thoſe ſolemn feaſts propitious Phœbus pleaſe;
Theſe honours ſtill renew'd his ancient wrath appeaſe.

Lucet ager? ſed quid fando tua tela manuſque
Demoror! expectant matres, ſupremaque fundunt
Vota mihi. ſatis eſt: merui, ne parcere velles.
Proinde move pharetras, arcuſque intende ſonoros,
Inſignemque animam leto demitte: ſed illum
Pallidus Inachiis qui deſuper imminet Argis,
Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors æqua merentes
Reſpicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia cædis
Latoïden, triſtemque viro ſummiſſus honorem
Largitur vitæ. noſtro mala nubila cœlo
Diffugiunt. at tu ſtupefacti a limine Phœbi
Exoratus abis. inde hæc ſtata ſacra quotannis
Solennes recolunt epulæ, Phœbeiaque placat

But say, illustrious guest! (adjoin'd the King)
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite."
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:
"Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(O gen'rous Prince!) my nation, or my name,
Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own,

Templa novatus honos. has forte invisitis aras.
Vos quæ progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus
Et Parthaoniæ (dudum si certus ad aures
Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs: tu pande quis Argos
Advectas? quando hæc variis sermonibus hora est.
Dejecit mœstos extemplo Ismenius heros
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea læsum
Obliquare oculos. tum longa silentia movit:
Non super hos divûm tibi sum quærendus honores
Unde genus, quæ terra mihi: quis defluat ordo
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri.
Sed si præcipitant miserum cognoscere curæ,
Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebæ,

Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocaſta's ſon, and Thebes my native place."
To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breaſt
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy gueſt)
Replies:—" Ah! why forbears the ſon to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame?
Fame that delights around the world to ſtray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
Ev'n thoſe who dwell where ſuns at diſtance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole,
And thoſe who tread the burning Lybian lands,
The faithleſs ſyrtes, and the moving ſands;
Who view the weſtern ſea's extremeſt bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eaſtern grounds;
All theſe the woes of Oedipus have known,
Your Fates, your Furies, and your haunted town.
If on the ſons the parents' crimes deſcend,
What prince from thoſe his lineage can defend?

Et genetrix Jocaſta mihi. tum motus Adraſtus
Hoſpitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
Scimus, ait; nec ſic averſum fama Mycenis
Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculoſque pudentes
Novit, et Arctoïs ſi quis de ſolibus horret,
Quique bibit Gangen, aut nigrum occaſibus intrat
Oceanum, et ſi quos incerto littore ſyrtes
Deſtituunt: ne perge queri, caſuſque priorum
Annumerare tibi. noſtro quoque ſanguine multum

Be this thy comfort, that 't is thine t' efface,
With virtuous acts, thy anceſtors' diſgrace,
And be thyſelf the honour of thy race.
But ſee! the ſtars begin to ſteal away,
And ſhine more faintly at approaching day:
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more reſound the great Apollo's praiſe."
"Oh, Father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coaſt
And ſnowy mountains thy bright preſence boaſt;
Whether to ſweet Caſtalia thou repair,
And bathe in ſilver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus and the ſhady ſhore;

Erravit pietas; nec culpa nepotibus obſtat.
Tu modo diſſimilis rebus mereare ſecundis
Excuſare tuos. Sed jam temone ſupino
Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor urſæ.
Fundite vina focis, ſervatoremque parentum
Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.
Phœbe parens, ſeu te Lyciæ Pataræa nivoſis
Exercent dumeta jugis, ſeu rore pudico
Caſtaliæ flavos amor eſt tibi mergere crines;
Seu Trojam Thymbræus habes, ubi fama volentem
Ingratas Phrygios humeris ſubiiſſe molares:
Seu juvat Ægæum feriens Latonius umbrâ
Cynthus, et aſſiduam pelago non quærere Delon:
Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hoſtes

Or chuſe thy ſeat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The ſhining ſtructures rais'd by lab'ring gods;
By thee the bow and mortal ſhafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of ſecret Fate above,
And the dark counſels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the ſeeds of future war to know,
The change of ſceptres and impending woe;
When direful meteors ſpread thro' glowing air
Long trails of light, and ſhake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durſt aſpire
T' excel the muſic of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy ſhafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand ſlew Python, and the dame who loſt
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boaſt.
In Phlegyas' doom thy juſt revenge appears,
Condemn'd to Furies and eternal fears;

Arcus, et ætherii dono ceſſere parentes
Æternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas
Parcarum prænôſſe minas, fatumque quod ultra eſt,
Et ſummo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus,
Bella quibus populis, mutent quæ ſceptra cometæ.
Tu Phryga ſubmittis citharæ. tu matris honori
Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem
Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megæra
Jejunum Phlegyam ſubter cava ſaxa jacentem

He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high.
Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine;
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th'Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;
Or Mithra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mithra! whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns."

Æterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis
Instimulat: sed mista famem fastidia vincunt.
Adsis, O memor Hospitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter ames; seu te roseum Titana vocari
Gentis Achæmeniæ ritu, seu præstat Osirin
Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri
Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

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